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JOHN BULL

Vol. XV. No. 392 | SATURDAY DECEMBER 6. 1913 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see page 872.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

READY
FRIDAY DEC. 5.

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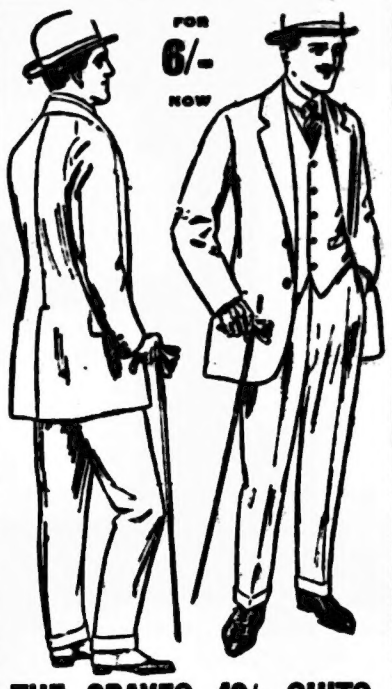

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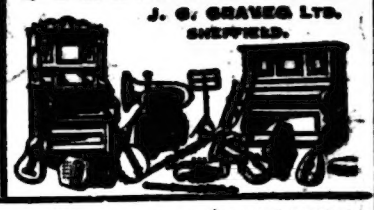

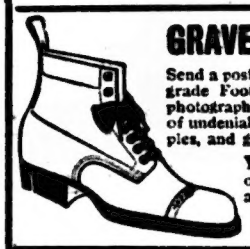

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WE DELIVER the Graves 'Speed King' Modele de Luxe exactly to specification (Lady's or Gent's) carriage paid to all approved orders for **10/-** NOW, and Easy Monthly Payments after delivery until the account is cleared, if you are entirely delighted and satisfied with the machine after the fullest examination in your home.

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FOOTBALL SKILL CONTEST No. 6.

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Dec. 20.

READ NEW RULE

Cross out—in ink—what you think will be the losing club. FOR A DRAW CROSS OUT BOTH TEAMS.

Derby County	v.	Newcastle United
Bradford City	v.	Burnley
Blackburn Rovers	v.	Manchester United
Everton	v.	Chelsea
W. Bromwich Albion	v.	Bolton Wanderers
Middlesbrough	v.	Aston Villa
Tottenham Hotspur	v.	Sheffield Wednesday
Barnsley	v.	Hull City
Birmingham	v.	Leeds City
Blackpool	v.	Bradford
Bury	v.	Wolverhampton W.
Fulham	v.	Bristol City
Grimsby Town	v.	Clapton Orient
Huddersfield	v.	Leicester Fosse
Lincoln City	v.	Notts County
Bristol Rovers	v.	Exeter City
Merthyr Town	v.	Millwall
Plymouth Argyle	v.	Brighton and Hove
Southampton	v.	Southend
Reading	v.	Northampton
Coventry City	v.	Norwich City

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

6 **Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.**

1. On the Entrance Form attached, cross out in ink, by running a pen through the names the teams you think will lose. **IF YOU PREDICT A DRAW CROSS OUT BOTH TEAMS** instead of, as heretofore, not crossing out either team.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form and address it to **"John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.**, mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Football Competition No. 6**, so as to reach us not later than first post Friday, December 19th.

3. The sum of £1,800 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results as published in "The Sporting Life" of all the matches given played to a finish on December 20th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results a cash prize of £500 will be paid to the Competitor whose coupon shows one error only. If no coupon is received containing one error only then the cash prize of £400 will be paid to the Competitor whose coupon shows only two errors. If neither the £1,800, nor the £500, nor the £400 is won, we shall then in any event award four distinct cash prizes **which must be won**, i.e., £300 to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number; £100 to the sender of the next best coupon, and two special mauve coupon prizes, one of £50 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from MARY BULL, and one of £20 to the next highest correct forecast on a mauve coupon. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,800, £500, £400, £300, or the £100, the two MARY BULL prizes will be awarded to the two next most correct forecasts sent on a mauve coupon. In the event of either the £1,800, £500 or the £400 prize being won, the £300 and the £100 prize will of course not be awarded.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this competition, the £1,800, the £500, or the £400, or the contingent prizes of £300 and £100, as well as the special £50 and £20 mauve coupon Prizes, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. No coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

Derby County	v.	Newcastle U.	Fulham	v.	Bristol City
Bradford City	v.	Burnley	Grimsby Town	v.	Clapton Orient
Blackburn R.	v.	Manchester U.	Huddersfield	v.	Leicester Fosse
Everton	v.	Chelsea	Lincoln City	v.	Notts County
W. Bromwich	v.	Bolton W.	Bristol Rovers	v.	Exeter City
Middlesbrough	v.	Aston Villa	Merthyr Town	v.	Millwall
Tottenham H	v.	Sheffield W.	Plymouth A.	v.	Brighton & H.
Barnsley	v.	Hull City	Southampton	v.	Southend
Birmingham	v.	Leeds City	Reading	v.	Northampton
Blackpool	v.	Bradford	Coventry City	v.	Norwich City
Bury	v.	Wolverhampton			

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XV. No. 392. Week ending Saturday, December 6th, 1913. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All FINANCIAL, INSURANCE *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the* CITY OFFICES, 52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C. *All other communications should be addressed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Business Government League.

What do you think of this as the new title of the John Bull League—subject to its adoption at the great Conference about to be convened? And wouldn't you like to see a list of constituencies in which Business Government candidates will play ducks and drakes with the poor old Party system at the next General Election? We are not hybernating for nothing.

Larkin Lies Low.

Up to the time of going to press we have received no reply from Jim Larkin—we observe that he prefers being called plain Jim—to our recent challenge. Can it be that his peregrinations round the country have convinced him that the Business Government solution of the Labour problem has already taken deep root?

An Interesting Action.

We have commenced what should prove an interesting action against Mr. Hogge, M.P., and Mr. Hawke, the Joint Hon. Secretaries of the Anti-Gambling League, in respect of certain statements contained in a pamphlet purporting to be a report of a speech recently delivered by Mr. Hogge to the Association of Chief Constables of the United Kingdom—in which the hon. Member gave his views not only upon the ethics of gambling generally, but was good enough to make certain suggestions as to the principle on which prizes in our "Bullets" competitions are supposed to be awarded. Apart from the specific issues involved in the action, we look forward with some pleasure to the opportunity of cross-examining these two apostles of social purity.

Is Friday Unlucky?

However much opinions may have differed in the past upon this important problem, the old superstition will undoubtedly now disappear—Friday of the present week being the publishing day of *John and Marv*, the most remarkable Christmas Annual ever produced at the popular price of twopence. Do not wait till Saturday for your copy, or you may have to go without it; and that would mean spoiling your Christmas!

More Party Piffle.

When *will* these Party parrots cease their prattle? Don't they realise that the whole game is up? Here is the position in a nutshell. After next year plural voting will be abolished, and the Parliamentary Register for 1915 will be "purged"—from the Liberal point of view—of that corrupt element. In other words, the Government expects, with the help of the Plural Voting Bill (which automatically becomes law, under the Parliament Act, next year) to "come back," and, having discharged its obligation to Mr. Redmond, to have still the support of his men at Westminster. Therefore, they will see Mr. Bonar Law to Hades before they commit official suicide by dissolving before 1915. Other papers, please (as usual) copy.

A New Party.

Which reminds us that they have been busy doing so, of late. We must really copyright our political news. More than a year ago, in a special article, we said: "Here comes a prophecy that will surprise you. Mr. Lloyd George will go clean 'out for the gloves,' as the new Tribune of the People—*and Mr. Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith will join forces in an Imperial-Democratic Alliance, with a view to the formation of a Coalition Ministry as soon as the present machine breaks down.*" And now comes the *Daily Sketch* with the startling announcement that Mr. Churchill's "big Navy" ideas are likely to lead to his severance from his Party, whilst "F.E.'s" strong democratic leanings may also estrange him from the Tories. How news *does* travel!

Government and Business.

Now that the Panama Canal is practically finished, the thoughts of the commercial world will turn to the monster trade exhibition which is to signalise its opening—we trust on equal terms—to the ships of all nations. It will be a thousand pities if Britain should be unrepresented on such an occasion, and, despite disquieting rumour, we trust that wiser counsels may yet prevail. Official assurances notwithstanding, our recent relations with Washington have not been free from strain, and any aloofness on our part, at a festive juncture of high international significance, would obviously be susceptible of easy misconstruction. Nor is it the sole consideration which should dictate the Government's decision. Out of sight is out of mind, and British manufacturers have a right to demand that the active sponsorship of their Government shall be patent to the world.

Your Last Chance to Win a Christmas Turkey. See page 878.

A Mighty Problem.

The Indian labour disturbance in Natal is of far more than industrial significance. It is, indeed, typical of the thorny problems of statecraft which must inevitably be presented to a people striving to govern a cosmopolitan Empire in equity and concord. As an indentured labourer, the Indian immigrant—patient, easy-going, and industrious—is welcomed by the plantation owners, to whom cheap and plentiful labour is the supreme desideratum. As a free citizen, the "coolie" is apt to manifest habits and characteristics which scarcely accord with his situation in a white community—hence all the bother. That the present outbreak is largely the work of agitators of the Ghandi type we are not disposed to deny, but their plea for elementary citizen rights in the Empire which claims their unquestioning allegiance is likely to present some difficulty to those responsible for the maintenance of order, not only in Africa, but throughout our Indian dominions. Once more labour proves the touchstone of political institutions. And we do not envy Lord Gladstone his job.

Is Friday unlucky? See page 1.

The Business Way.

It is stated that the Dublin dispute has already involved commercial loss to the tune of something like two millions sterling. For all practical purposes, whether capital or labour, this sum might as well have been thrown into the Liffey. Neither does it appear that the parties are appreciably nearer to a settlement than at the outset of the fight. Starvation may ultimately accomplish what negotiation has failed to effect, but a truce based upon the forced surrender of perishing men will be rife with the promise of fiercer strife. Meanwhile, Nationalists, Liberals, Unionists, and Socialists are alike powerless to check the ravages of industrial hate. A saner community would put less faith in Parties and their "isms," and trust the saving virtue of a little common sense.

If We Were P.M.!

We are by no means enamoured of the blessed word "compulsion" but isn't it nearly time that something like adequ te pressure was put upon Dublin's industrial belligerents? The Government have blundered miserably throughout the whole business. They were wrong in permitting the employers to flout Sir George Askwith and to ignore his sane and moderate counsel. They were wrong again in exasperating desperate men by police drives and baton charges. They blundered in locking up Larkin, and blundered again in the time and manner of his release. Were we Prime Minister, we would send Sir George back to Dublin, and having invited an equal number of masters and men to his board, we would give them a week to settle the job. Failing a settlement, we would ourselves arbitrate between the unruly factions and clothe our judgment with the force of law—and the law of force. It is monstrous that contending groups of irreconcilables should be permitted to plunge a city into the deepest misery, and to threaten injury to the commercial life of a nation. Oh, for ——!

"Worse than Dr. Crippen."

When the sister of Sir John Forbes-Robertson, himself a suffragist, was charged the other day with smashing windows, in the sacred cause of Votes for Women, she "addressed the magistrate in an exceedingly voluble speech, in which she compared Mr. McKenna to Dr. Crippen." We wish it to be distinctly understood that we dissociate ourselves from the young lady's opinion, even though we *have* suggested that the Home Secretary should be hanged.

The Naval Position.

Germany means mischief, and Mr. Churchill knows it! In inviting Germany to join us in a ship-building holiday he was merely preparing the ground for his speech on next year's Estimates—when he will say to the cranks sitting just below him, "Look how I have tried to cut expenses down—*but they won't let me*; therefore I am powerless. So please forgive me." And he may possibly quote Canon McLulich, for the last five years English Chaplain at Homburg, who, speaking at a meeting in the Isle of Wight a few days ago, said that "during five years' residence in Germany he had been brought into close contact with some of the most influential people in the country, and no one could get away from the fact that it was the opinion of the highly educated classes, apart from the Army and Navy, that the time was coming when Germany would fight for the command of the sea, but they might be certain that she would never make an aggressive move until she was practically certain that she would come out of the conflict top dog." And, not for the first time, he may even quote us. Wherefore let us repeat: *Germany means mischief*—AND MR. CHURCHILL KNOWS IT!

"Mum's the Word."

Espionage must needs remain a highly dangerous pastime, but the adventurous may find encouragement in the uncertainty of its penalties. Quite recently we had the diverting story—never officially contradicted—of a convicted German spy released from gaol long before the expiry of his sentence, and advanced to a responsible situation in the British Secret Service. This pretty incident finds a fitting sequel in the failure of Herr Karl Hentschel, a self-confessed spy, to get himself convicted, despite his utmost efforts towards that end. In asking for the withdrawal of the prosecution—a course dictated by the Attorney General—Mr. Bodkin advanced a series of humane considerations falling strangely from the lips of a Treasury Counsel habituated to sterner pleas. Such sophistries served to excuse—but did not, of course, explain—the collapse of the charge. The plain fact was that if Hentschel had exercised his right to give evidence on his own behalf, he would in all likelihood have wagged his tongue with woefully scant regard to the requirements of British policy. But the naked truth is always indecent—especially in Court.

Peace, Please!

The presence of British cruisers in Mexican waters may serve to remind General Huerta that vital interests, other than those of the United States, are involved in the stability of his *régime*. President Wilson's waiting game is doubtless dictated by considerations of policy and by a laudable desire to avert bloodshed. Such delay cannot, in the nature of the case, be indefinitely prolonged, and sooner, rather than later, decisive steps must be taken for the vindication of commercial interests and the restoration of civil order. It does not appear that intervention need involve extensive military or maritime operations. Indeed, the swiftest solution of the problem would seem to consist in authorising the Huerta party to complete the work to which they have set their hands, in the assurance that diplomatic recognition would automatically follow the restoration of peace. The objections to this course hitherto advanced bear little relation to the actualities of a complex situation.

Sweating the Nurses.

We hear that the nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital are being worked off their feet; that fifteen hours' work a day is quite a common occurrence, and that in consequence many nurses are on the sick list. What say the Committee?

Before Filling in your Football Forecasts, read New Rules.

Rough on the Ratepayers.

We fancy Judge Mackarness has erred somewhat on the side of generosity towards the suffragettes who recently appeared as plaintiffs in the Hastings County Court. The proceedings arose out of disturbances in the town, during which the windows of an hotel occupied by the women were smashed by a resentful crowd. The landlord of the hotel had wisely protected himself against contingent damage by an agreement providing that the hunted ladies should pay for any injury to his property. On no other condition would he afford them the refuge of his inn. Judge Mackarness, however, held that the disturbance amounted to a riot, and that the women might recover the amount of their liability from the Corporation of Hastings, in accordance with the provisions of the Riot Act. We can scarcely think the somewhat trumpery episode was of the kind to which the Riot Act was intended to apply, and we fancy the ratepayers of Hastings will somewhat resent being called upon to reimburse the women in respect of damage more or less directly traceable to their own ill-considered tactics. Even accepting his Honour's dubious reading of the law, the granting of costs against the Corporation on the higher scale was a palpably inappropriate course.

Conscientious Scruples at Torquay.

Having decided to give concert in aid of the victims of the Welsh Colliery disaster, the Torquay Municipal Orchestra were about to apply for a licence through the Entertainments Committee, when it was "intimated" to them—we quote from the speech of the Chairman of the Torquay Town Council—"that if they carried out their intention they would offend the conscientious scruples of a great many people in the town, and they had no desire to do that." It seems a pity that Mr. Councillor Williams did not vouchsafe the names of these petty pietarians; then we should have known whether or not their conscientious scruples had also extended to giving a subscription to the disaster fund. Mr. Williams may think we are unduly inquisitive; but we would risk the crushing rebuke even though he informed us that what they gave is "nothing to nobody."

The Rigour of the Law.

Mutual trust between husband and wife is a pretty domestic feature—but business is business. Such, in short, is the corollary of a remarkable judgment recently delivered by Mr. Justice Warrington. A husband had accumulated his savings in a Post Office account in the name of his wife, subsequently purchasing a house and taking the conveyance in her name. Three years ago the woman, for no apparent reason, ran away from her husband, taking with her the title deeds of the house. in which the man continued to live. She has now set up a legal title to the property, in opposition to her husband's equitable claim. In dismissing the husband's case with costs, his Lordship observed that he had no option but to give effect to the title of the wife as set forth in the deeds—the moral of which is that if a man wants to pay his wife a pretty compliment, he needn't go to the trouble of having it engrossed on vellum.

A Shropshire Shark.

Some months ago we dealt at length with a man named John Edge, of Ellesmere, Shropshire, in the hope that publicity would be the means of stopping his little game. Such, however, not being the case, we repeat our warning. Edge offers 18s. a week in return for half-a-crown; but, like most other "something-for-nothing" schemes, there is nothing in it—except for the ingenious inventor. Our readers should tell Edge to edge-off.

"What's Wrong?"

Somewhat belated comes a letter in regard to a paragraph which we published under this heading on October 18th last. We then quoted from a Sunday contemporary regarding what it styled "the pathetic evidence" given at an inquest on the body of a Hoxton woman who, it was said, had earned threepence an hour at boxmaking, and had become unconscious in a local workshop, subsequently dying of syncope. Her purse, produced at the inquest, contained a few coppers. Our correspondent states that the poor woman in question received a minimum wage of threepence an hour, in accordance with the Board of Trade's regulations, but was really employed for piecework, her average earnings during the twelve weeks prior to her death being 14s. 8d. for 42 hours—in one week she working for 25¾ hours only. It is, therefore, vigorously contended that she was not "a crushed and broken creature," and did not "die of her carking, drudging toil." Well, we leave our readers to form their own judgment of the matter—expressing no opinion ourselves beyond saying that we should be sorry were any of our womenfolk working even for the increased wage mentioned.

Mixing His Role.

By no means for the first time, we note that the Secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, is pushing his job as yacht-owners' agent by means of advertisement in the *Yachting World*. He occupies a responsible position in the most important yachting club, and the grievance among yacht builders and owners' agents who have to depend on their business for a living is that he is in unfair trading competition with them by virtue of his official advantage. It is conceivable that the Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron are aware what their Secretary is doing. It is also conceivable that they are not. Whether the case is one or the other, the strong feeling among yacht agents and yacht builders is that, in the interests of the trade, members as a whole should protest against it.

Is Friday unlucky? See page 1.

Truly Rural.

Much is to be said for the suggestion made to us by a reader that, while Mr. Lloyd George is being truly rural about the agricultural labourer, he may as well be truly rural about the postman. "What is us country postman to think on him," asks our friend, "when he goes about saying that farm labourers oughter have a standard wage of £1 per week, while many of us chaps are sweated under his own Government, working 14 hours a day, seven days a week, for 16s. a week? This is what a postman for Glandyff and Talesin, in Wales, receives, and I can tell you of another one in this district that works six and seven hours a day for 11s. a week. Some of the walks these postmen do are up the mountain sides." Even so, we must be fair. Our peripatetic friend should take into account the exercise and the Christmas boxes.

Scabs from Camberwell.

We note the Camberwell Guardians have sanctioned a scheme for hiring out male paupers. They are to be shipped to the Clyde, there to work for 5d. an hour. There is reason to believe that their employers have a Government job in hand. May we ask whether thers was a Trade Union clause in the contract? Perhaps when the Labour leaders return from their holidays they will look into the matter. By the way, this instance is a survival of the Dark Ages—when a pauper was really a slave, to be worked to death or tortured at the will of his master.

Ready Friday Next, Dec. 5th, "John and Mary," OUR Christmas No. 2d.

Hospital Hooligans.

Why is it that on every occasion of acute public excitement the medical students of the metropolis seize the opportunity to make arrant fools of themselves, and to inflict serious annoyance upon peaceable citizens? The recent Larkin meeting at the Albert Hall was a case in point. A crowd of hospital hooligans surrounded the doors long before the advertised time of opening, subsequently breaking their way into the building and precipitating a general melée, in which squibs were thrown, lamps broken, telephone instruments damaged, and several persons more or less seriously injured. In the excited state of the combatants, these mad follies might easily have resulted in loss of life. We looked to the magistrates to take a somewhat sterner view of these "gentlemanly" frolics than they did. Such excesses reflect little credit upon the intelligence or the sportsmanship of the budding ornaments of the panels. Free speech is one of our most sacred rights.

"Relief" in Shoreditch.

Have the Shoreditch Guardians considered the allegation against one of their relieving officers—that when a poor widowed woman of Hoxton applied to him for relief he refused, telling her she must take her children into the workhouse? When she demurred about breaking up her home he is said to have retorted, "Your home! What is it? Only a broken table and a chair that would not want much breaking up." It is needless to say that a relieving officer who goes about his work in this way, insulting and taunting the destitute, badly wants reminding of his duty. In this case the woman's husband had died after a long illness, during many weeks of which the income had consisted of 5s. 6d. earned by a 15-year-old daughter, the mother earning the 3s. rent by charing; and it was stated at the inquest that she "had to beg a cup of tea and food for her husband in his dying hours."

Is Friday unlucky? See page 1.

How Long?

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The country's in a sorry state—
I don't care if it is!
The general confusion's great—
But that is not MY *biz!*
Though blood in Ulster soon may flow,
It doesn't trouble me—
I only live for one thing now,
That is—the Tango Tea!

Let Larkin wave his fiery cross—
I'm quite indifferent!
Though the Land Taxes show a loss,
My mind is quite content.
Lloyd George says pheasants mangolds eat—
Which may, or may not, be;
I care not: my concern's a seat
At someone's Tango Tea!

If Germany our fleet destroyed,
And then annexed our land,
I should not feel a bit annoyed—
I've other things on hand:
I don't care who is boss ashore
Or who commands the sea;
But one thing only I implore—
Leave me my Tango Tea!

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Hospital Hooligans.

Why is it that on every occasion of acute public excitement the medical students of the metropolis seize the opportunity to make arrant fools of themselves, and to inflict serious annoyance upon peaceable citizens? The recent Larkin meeting at the Albert Hall was a case in point. A crowd of hospital hooligans surrounded the doors long before the advertised time of opening, subsequently breaking their way into the building and precipitating a general melée, in which squibs were thrown, lamps broken, telephone instruments damaged, and several persons more or less seriously injured. In the excited state of the combatants, these mad follies might easily have resulted in loss of life. We looked to the magistrates to take a somewhat sterner view of these "gentlemanly" frolics than they did. Such excesses reflect little credit upon the intelligence or the sportsmanship of the budding ornaments of the panels. Free speech is one of our most sacred rights.

"Relief" in Shoreditch.

Have the Shoreditch Guardians considered the allegation against one of their relieving officers—that when a poor widowed woman of Hoxton applied to him for relief he refused, telling her she must take her children into the workhouse? When she demurred about breaking up her home he is said to have retorted, "Your home! What is it? Only a broken table and a chair that would not want much breaking up." It is needless to say that a relieving officer who goes about his work in this way, insulting and taunting the destitute, badly wants reminding of his duty. In this case the woman's husband had died after a long illness, during many weeks of which the income had consisted of 5s. 6d. earned by a 15-year-old daughter, the mother earning the 3s. rent by charing; and it was stated at the inquest that she "had to beg a cup of tea and food for her husband in his dying hours."

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THE ERA OF "ISMS."

"MESS, MUDDLE, AND MAKE-BELIEVE"—THE TASK OF THE BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

"Party" is a word which will tell you a lot if you only look at it. Strike out its "y" and its *how* remains. Socially considered, it is the organised activity of a *part*, the function of a faction. In its very nature, a one-eyed thing. An expedient if you will, but a blundering, lop-sided expedient with an incurable bias away from truth, which lies ever in the midst of things. Party—using the word for all it connotes—is wrong, because it is *party*. Your safe Party men are not to be trusted. Their stock-in-trade is half the truth and a few serviceable lies. Some day, all honest men will come to hate Party like the devil, for in its essence it enshrines the false.

Politics used to be a bewitchingly simple game. Kings, or their Ministers, played Knaves double or quits, and no one dreamt of interfering with their sport. The public might look on so that they made no rude comments on the players' want of skill, in which case, they would probably get their heads broken by my lords' lackeys. For the most part, the people—spelt then with a small p—were content, or thought they were—which is much the same thing. They eagerly took sides in their masters' game, never dreaming that they had a side of their own. Sport they had in abundance—in cosy tap-rooms, political associations, debating societies, local Parliaments—but it was always the grand Westminster game, played strictly according to rule. John Jones, aspirant to fame in the local senate of Slocum-by-Slush, understudied Gladstone or strove to feature Dizzy. Never in his wildest conceit did he dream of speaking for himself, John Jones. Had he thought about it at all, he would most likely have regarded such a suggestion as a species of blasphemy against the holy places and persons of his faith. For the most part, he was content not to think, but to echo. In a way he was right. Party demands that men shall put their thinking out, and points them to two shops where it can be done with decency and despatch.

The Era of "Isms."

But to-day politics are getting queerly muddled. We have reached the era of the *isms*. Make no mistake, good readers, these be stirring times. That harmless looking person opposite you in the railway carriage, for all his sober suit and proper mien, may as likely as not be the possessor of a fearsome social creed. Upon the slightest provocation, or upon none at all, beyond the request for a match, or the shutting of the window, he will let you have some of it right between the eyes. It is peppery stuff and will give you an immensely bad five minutes, should you chance to be John Jones aforesaid of Slocum-by-Slush or the heir of his sound and safe political traditions. Sententious persons will tell you that "unrest" is the note of the age. Dis-ease is the same word. *Isms* are its microbes. They are bred with fatal facility. Any man may concoct an *ism*. Tom, Dick, or Harry may start one on his own. The one thing needful is a name which will fit nicely on to "ism." An *ism* may be flat imbecility, but it must have rhythmic swing. Thus Larkinism thrives while Macdonaldism is yet unborn. In the intervals of tiger shooting, the egregious Ramsay must curse his clumsy patronymic. Oh, yes, of course, there is more in it than this. People who breed microbes talk much of "cultures"—nasty, messy mixtures from which the little beggars are hatched into pestilent life. *Isms* are the bubbling scum of social ferment. Their "cultures" are set deep in the Marah waters of discontent, whence they spring into vigorous adolescence at the call of human unwisdom.

Discontent is not necessarily "divine"—but it is a human fact which "winna ding." It is a social phenomenon demanding keen scrutiny. It is no mushroom growth, but its modern manifestations are apt to terrify. Moreover, it is spreading with alarming swiftness. Men are "rebels" to-day whose fathers were Tories—in more than the political sense.

Shedding Our Ink!

Social inequalities are no longer regarded as an inevitable feature of the cosmic plan. Strange doctrines infect the air. Capital trembles for its dividends. Ministers make panic moves. The tocsin of revolt has pierced e'en to the quietude of the cloister. Priests have prayed about it. Parsons have preached around it. Bloodshed has for the most part been averted, but hogsheads of ink have been spilled. The Ism-ites have had a roaring time, lording it over all. Newspaper paragraphists have done 'em proud.

Industrial Revolt! It is these mischievous capital letters which have done so much harm. The world will probably never learn the extent of its grudge against capital letters. They make little things look big, and big things monstrous. Industrial Revolt and Social Discontent have been persistently portrayed as mighty, complex problems; whereas, in sober fact, industrial revolt and social discontent are childishly simple problems. Learned people have traced the disaffection of Labour (another bothering capital) to all manner of weird sources. It has been attributed to music-halls, football, Free Trade, beer, picture palaces, and sun-spots. Only the other day an erudite ecclesiastic took off his coat to the problem in desperate earnest. The sweat poured from him as he delved for the primal cause of Social Discontent. But he missed it. The capitals got in his light. The thing was so painfully obvious as to be totally invisible. His hearers left without learning that the working man is discontented because he wants what he hasn't got.

A Concise Half Sheet.

And what *does* he want? If only we can get him by himself, apart from the Macdonalds and the Hardies, and the Larkins—apart too from the Party leaders who, against long odds, are trying to keep up a feeble semblance of the old game—we can ask him and he will tell us; for, left to himself, he is a truthful chap. He may be a bit nervous at first—he is all unused to intelligent interest in his affairs—and tell us something patently false. He may say, for instance, that he pines for "the collective control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange"—which is sheer muddleheadedness, for he wants nothing of the sort, and has the haziest notion of its meaning. Give him a bit of paper, leave him to it and you will get something like this:—

A bit more under the belt nights and mornings.
A good tuck in every day for the missus and the kids.
Enough clothes for decency and comfort.
The price of a pint or two of beer of an evening without missing it.
A better place to live in, and enough money to pay the rent.
A chance to see Millwall or the Rangers on a Saturday.

There you are, dear readers. There's your Mighty Problem on a half sheet of note paper. Party—blind, decrepit old fossil—hasn't seen it yet. The Isms don't touch it; they overshoot it and leave it in the lurch. Is it really beyond the collective wisdom of a business people? If not, and of course it is not, then in the name of all that's sane, let us pack the Larkins and Macdonalds about their business and get on with the job!

"FREE" DOCTORING.

A WAY THEY HAVE AT THE LONDON.

Mr. Sydney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital, is somewhat wroth with us in respect of an article which appeared in our issue of November 1st, wherein we propounded the question: "Is the London Hospital free?" Having first instructed the Secretary of the Hospital to write to us, Mr. Holland hastily returns to the attack with a complaint that we have "ignored the Hospital's explanation." We assure him that we neither desire nor intend to do anything of the sort, considerations of space alone having prevented an earlier return to the subject.

Readers will readily recall the facts. We complained that a father, whose child had been treated in the out-patients' department of the London Hospital, was required by the London County Council to pay them a shilling in respect of such treatment. The construction placed upon our remarks both by Mr. Holland and by the Secretary of the Hospital approaches the limits of unintentional misreading.

The Secretary roundly declares:—

> The impression conveyed by the article is that the Hospital demands fees, and backs up the demand with threats of legal proceedings.

Commending the Secretary's plaint to our especial consideration, Mr. Holland observes:—

> The demand was not made by the Hospital, nor did the money if paid go to the Hospital.

And here forsooth, is what we actually said:—

> The London County Council, through one of its divisional superintendents, is threatening an East London casual labourer with legal proceedings for the recovery of one shilling.

This unequivocal statement of fact governed the whole of our subsequent remarks. Never once did we suggest or imply that the Hospital "demands fees." Our attack was solely directed to the system whereby a public municipal body is authorised to make charges in respect of treatment at a "free" institution. We fancy, however, that we can put our finger on the paragraph which has excited Mr. Holland's virtuous ire. We asked:—

> Are not Mr. Holland's unceasing appeals for funds based upon the assumption that there, in the Whitechapel Road, is an ever-open door, to which all who are sick and ailing may turn with confidence and hope? What becomes of these eloquent pleas if a couple of pennyworth of lotion, already paid for once, is to cost a shilling, and that shilling to be collected by a public official, claiming legal authority?

Unrepentant, we repeat these pertinent queries. No fair-minded person will construe them as a suggestion that the London Hospital "demands fees" and "backs up the demand with threats of legal proceedings." They are rather a precise and uncoloured summary of a position which is at once anomalous and unfair. Mr. Holland would have shown a finer appreciation of the ethics of controversy had he taken our criticisms at their face value. A plea for simple justice deserved better at his hands.

A BRIGHT YOUTH.

WHAT HE WILL DO WHEN A MAN.

We are indebted to one of the masters of a Sheffield school for the following interesting document—written, he tells us, by a boy of nine:—

> WHAT I SHOULD DO IF I WAS A MAN.
>
> If I was a man I should go and find work. Then I shall go to be a soldier and go away every year with the other soldiers to make a bridge. So when I have saved a lot of money up I should go to India and take a lot of water to sell. Then I should go to Africa and bring a present for the children. I should bring five monkeys and one polparrat and a canarry back. I should train them to talk and not to be cheeky. When I came back and tried to find work and I could not so I started to read Jhon bull to learn how to get money. One day a man came and gave me a thousand pound and said I had won the coupon in Jhon Bull.

Although our young friend's imagination has rather run away with him in his last sentence, we have sent him a little prize to go on with.

A MISSING RIDER.

NO REMEDY FOR CRUEL WRONGS.

A sad fatality, recently investigated by the Portsmouth Borough Coroner, seems to have been directly traceable to gross negligence on the part of employees of the Municipal Works Department. On a recent Sunday evening, William Todd, the eleven-year old son of a naval Petty Officer, was sent to Eastney Road on an errand for his mother. Returning home, the lad stumbled over a rope stretched across the roadway in connection with tramway repairs. Falling heavily to the ground, he sustained a fracture to the base of the skull, from which he died in the Landport Hospital.

In the course of the inquest, important evidence was given by Mrs. Agnes Humby, a resident of Eastney Road, living opposite the scene of the fatal accident. Mrs. Humby declared that it was very dark on the night in question, but that there was no light near the spot to indicate the presence of any obstruction.

In these circumstances the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." We wish they had seen fit to add a rider condemning the deplorable carelessness which was the direct cause of the lad's untimely end.

The law at present governing such incidents is far from satisfactory. A father can obtain no solatium for the death of a young child, even though it may have been killed in circumstances pointing to the grossest negligence of somebody else. He may not even recover such expenses as are incidental to the illness and death of a dependant. For the killing of a dog or a sheep he may obtain ample redress, but none for the loss of a child!

WHERE IS OUR WHIP?

A BLACKGUARDLY MUSIC HALL ARTIST.

William Adam Arthur McNab, the defendant in an action for breach of promise, at Bristol, is evidently a special type of scoundrel. A Bath girl became engaged to him in 1911. After a tour in South Africa he made arrangements for a marriage which did not take place, though a child was born to the girl. Subsequently she had to obtain a magisterial order against him for its support. At his request she went to London, where she expected he would fulfil his promise of marriage, but he told her he could not do so, "as he had another girl." When she asked him what she should do, he put a revolver in her hand and told her to shoot herself. She fainted and dropped the revolver, and on her recovery he suggested she should return home. "He went to the station to see her off, and his parting words as they were standing by the train were, 'I should like to push you under there.'" The judge awarded the girl £500 damages, and let us hope she will get them. Her prospects in this respect, however, do not look promising. On the whole it seems a matter for regret that the law does not authorise the McNab to be tied up to a lamppost while the girl takes a bit of the scoundrelism out of him with a dogwhip.

THE BURSLEM SCANDAL.

BELATED INQUIRY INTO MR. REDGRAVE'S CONDUCT.

On November 27th the ecclesiastical authorities opened at Lichfield an inquiry into the allegations which we had made regarding the Rev. Hyma Henry Redgrave, Vicar of St. Paul's, Burslem. The proceedings are, at the time of writing, still pending, so we must reserve final comment. It will, however, be remembered that as far back as March last we published the charges which the Consistory Court is now investigating—being requested to do so by some of the churchwardens and members of the congregation, who despaired otherwise of obtaining a clearing up of the matter. It is fair to these gentlemen to state that they appealed to us only when those who are responsible for the conduct of the church had apparently failed to act. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Redgrave now has an opportunity of meeting the allegations which have so long been current in Burslem regarding him, even although the opportunity was not of his own seeking.

For Draws CROSS OUT BOTH TEAMS. See New Football Rule.

THE RACKETY RAJAH OF KAPURTHALA.—I.

HOW HE BOUGHT HIS WHITE WIFE—CONNIVANCE OF THE INDIA OFFICE.

Early in the year 1908 the following Reuter's message appeared in the Press :—

> An interesting ceremony has taken place at Kapurthala, where the Maharajah, Sir Jagatjit Singh Bahadur, has married Senorita Delgado of Malaga. The wedding was celebrated in accordance with the orthodox Sikh ritual. The highest State officials, in gorgeous uniforms, were present. The bride wore a magnificent dress, richly ornamented with jewels. The scene was one of remarkable splendour.

It is by no means easy to get behind the scenes in a prince's palace—especially in the East; but we have managed to do so, and the story we are about to tell—leading up to the marriage thus announced—will come as a revelation to those who are unfamiliar with the methods of these Oriental potentates.

Early in the year 1906 the Maharajah decided upon a tour in Europe. He brought with him the first favourite of the Zenana, her six understudies being left behind to amuse themselves as best they could. The honoured "bride" was dressed in male attire, as it was considered improper to bring a lady of the harem oversea. He also brought with him a native maid, three native servants, an A.D.C., and his confidential European servant. The party went direct to Paris. The fun commenced immediately upon arrival, and the Rajah was soon the talk of the city. Society—and other—ladies fell upon his neck. A week of strenuous debauchery knocked him completely off his perch, so he decided to take a few days' rest, and for this purpose proceeded to Madrid. Before doing so, however, he had an interview with his two sons, who were at school in Paris. While in Madrid he paid a visit to King Alfonso, and, no doubt, they cracked a few jokes together, and perhaps a bottle of wine. At any rate, we soon find the Eastern potentate after the girls again.

How the Rajah Met His Bride.

Walking into the Kursaal Café one evening, his eyes rested upon a charming young dancer, Anita Delgado. She was no more than 16 years of age, and was a Spanish beauty of rare type—who had many lovers! In addition to her beauty, Anita could kick higher than anyone in Spain, and upon these occasions she knew how to manipulate her *lingerie* to the best advantage. She soon took the Rajah's eye—*lingerie* being one of his particular weaknesses; even the ladies of his harem dress in the latest Paris confections. Anita was not slow to notice that the native prince had fallen to her charms, and she commenced to play her hand, under the skilful tuition of her father and mother. The Maharajah's A.D.C. was commissioned to call and present to the young charmer a few articles of jewellery. This came to the ears of a youth named Carlo, an ardent lover of the girl, and he was soon after the Rajah with a long knife, whereupon his Highness, thinking discretion the better part of valour, took the first train for Paris. Anita, however, followed him up by letter, the original of which we hold :—

> I thank you with all my heart for the presents you have had the kindness to send me on your departure. It has just come to my knowledge the lies and evil ways of the person you sent to express your Highness's sentiments to me—and it is for this reason that I pray of your Highness to let me know personally your sentiments and thoughts, without any intermediary.
>
> I have the honour to be, with every respect that I owe you, and heartfelt regret.

The receipt of this epistle entirely unbalanced the Rajah's mind, but he was unable to return to the Spanish capital as Anita requested—he did not wish to be killed by Carlo!

A "Transfer" and the Price.

Therefore he despatched his confidential European servant to Spain, with orders to bring the girl to Paris. Once in Madrid the emissary lost no time in getting in touch with Anita, and in a short time he found that the question of her transfer was only a matter of money. Anita, however, refused to do the haggling. She referred the messenger to her father and mother! Eventually a bargain was struck. A sum of £50 was to be settled on Carlo, one hundred pounds was to be paid down to the parents and 20,700 francs further upon the girl's arrival in Paris——the father and mother to accompany her there and receive the money.

Upon the arrival of the party in the Gay City, the Maharajah cried with joy, fell upon the neck of his confidential servant, and conferred upon him the Order of the Chevalier of Kapurthala. Then the balance of the "purchase price" was obtained from the bank and handed over to the mother. We hold the original receipt, which is in the following terms (in French) :—

> I hereby certify having received of His Highness the Maharajah of Kapurthala the sum of twenty thousand seven hundred francs (Frcs. 20,700), and I declare that I will make no further claim whatsoever.
>
> CANLEBARIA BAIONE SENORA DELGADA.
>
> Paris, June, 1906.

> During the time my daughter lives with His Highness she shall receive for her own personal use the sum of Two Thousand Pesetas (2,000) per month.

After the payment of the money the parents of Anita returned to Madrid, while their daughter went shopping with the confidential servant of the Rajah. In a few hours she was dressed in the most beautiful clothes Paris could produce, and was then passed over to her new lover. The next three months were spent in the wild dissipation of the French capital, and elsewhere—jewellery and dresses being lavished upon Anita, who, dazzled with the luxury of her new surroundings, abandoned herself, as only a Spanish girl can, to the giddy excitements of her new life. But the Rajah soon began to tire of his toy; and something else was happening which tended to damp his ardour. We refrain from publishing certain letters, the originals of which are in our possession—showing how, regardless of any danger to the life of the girl-wife, and utterly heedless of legal risk, the profligate prince took steps to avoid the natural consequences of his passion. Suffice it that the evidences we have obtained establish once more the truth of the charge we have so often made in these columns as to the callous and brutal nature which is invariably revealed in cases of this kind.

After a few months, "affairs of State" called the Rajah back to India, Anita being left behind in charge of the wife of the Maharajah's Paris agent. Then came a child, in March, 1907.

Two months later, the Rajah returned to Europe, and naturally spent most of his time in Paris.

What the sequel was—how the white girl was smuggled into India and "married"—and how the India Office connived at the whole thing, will be the subject of next week's story.

BELOW THE BELT.

WIFE'S "SINS" VISITED ON HUSBAND.

We have frequently referred to the business methods of the Provident Clothing and Supply Company, of Bradford. From complaints which reach us, it appears that "sharp practice" is equally inherent in their relations with their employees. Mr. W. H. R. Davey, Assistant Superintendent of the Company's business in Southampton, recently suffered dismissal in circumstances implying a grave disregard on the part of the firm of the simplest considerations of justice.

Davey bears an excellent character and enjoys a high reputation for business efficiency. He holds the highest credentials from people of standing with whom he has had personal dealings. His conduct during his tenure of office at Southampton has been unexceptionable, and his unflagging attention to his business duties has more than once earned high commendation from the management of the Bradford concern. Even now they express their readiness to assist him by testimonials in obtaining employment elsewhere. What then was the head and front of his offending?

Four years ago a man named Heal, then out of employment, appealed to Davey for assistance. Davey ultimately found him a job as an agent in the Southampton district for the Provident people. In the meanwhile, Heal had become engaged to the sister of Davey's wife. The subsequent pother is directly traceable to the women in the case. Davey and his wife seem to have formed a notion—we do not know upon what justification—that Heal's conduct in the town was "hardly befitting an engaged man." For aught we know, they may have been over fastidious. At any rate, Davey remonstrated with his protégé, urging him, for the sake of the girl he proposed to marry, to walk more warily. Mrs. Davey went further. With lamentable indiscretion, she addressed a letter to the Managing Director of the Provident Company complaining of Heal's conduct. The letter was virtually anonymous, the initials with which it was signed affording little indication of its origin. Davey was entirely ignorant of his wife's thoughtless act.

The missive, though emanating from the wife, was penned by her son, and, by a comparison of handwritings, was speedily traced to its source. Davey was at once taken to task and challenged to substantiate his wife's ill-considered charges against Heal. Thus taken at a disadvantage, he could merely plead ignorance of his wife's action and a disinclination to pursue so unsavoury a theme. Endeavouring to repair her error, Mrs. Davey accepted full responsibility for the letter, confirming her husband's denial of complicity in her plan. It was all to no purpose. The "Provident" were "out for blood." They wrote:—

> DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of a letter from your wife, in which she admits being connected with the authorship of the anonymous letter re Mr. Heal. We have given this matter very serious consideration, and have come to the conclusion that it will be to the better working of our Southampton district if yourself and Mr. Heal are parted.

So far, we take no exception to the decision of the firm. Heal had now attained to the position of Assistant Manager, and his relations with Davey had reached breaking point. It may well have been wise to transfer one or the other to a new sphere of activity. But no! The letter concludes:—

> We are therefore sending you notice to terminate your services with us, in accordance with your agreement.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> A. WADDILOVE, Director.

Without a blemish upon his character, and with no single complaint against his business conduct, Davey is contemptuously turned off, his eight years of exemplary service being utterly ignored. And all because of some trumpery bother with a subordinate, culminating in a letter in respect of which the Company have expressly exculpated him from blame.

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

The £10 reward offered for the copy of JOHN BULL dated November 15th, and numbered 050,732, has been paid to Mr. Ben Taylor, of 272, Whitley Road, Whitley Bay, who forwarded to us the required issue.

PECULIAR PHILANTHROPY.

A SCOTSMAN WHO BORROWED TO GIVE.

We have unearthed a most extraordinary Scotsman. His name is Mr. A. R. Osborne, and he is the Superintendent and Founder of what he terms the Bloomsbury Philanthropic Society, of 4, Princeton Street, London, W.C. "I started it," he tells us, "in 1910, to alleviate the misery and distress among unemployed and destitute men by giving them work to do every day. Unfortunately, I had to borrow money to keep the scheme working. In September, 1912, I found that my position was in a very critical state, so decided to make my first and only appeal to the Christian and charitable public." He then proceeds to give us what he pleases to call a balance-sheet covering the period from July 18th, 1910, to December 31st, 1912.—

Wages paid to these men	£2,328	5	7
Rents of Stores, Depots, etc.	153	12	0
Wages of Clerks, Supervisors, etc., Staff..	384	0	0
Incidental Charges, Stationery, Postage, Light, etc.	128	0	0
Stationery, Typewriting and Postage for Appeal (1153)	5	18	7
Repaid by instalments on borrowed money	238	4	0
	£3,238	0	2
On the other side appear:—			
Received by cash for Work done ..	£2,577	4	10
Money borrowed	675	0	0
Result of Appeal	0	5	6
	£3,252	10	4

We confess to being unimpressed by the document, though it is certified by Mr. Osborne himself. We shall be obliged if he will supply us with the names and addresses of any of "these men" who received a day's pay from him without giving a day's work in return.

PLUCK AND POVERTY.

BRAVE DEED INADEQUATELY REWARDED.

The Royal Humane Society have awarded Harold St. John Ellis a testimonial on parchment for a gallant attempt at rescue from drowning. Several boys went bathing in a flooded gravel pit. One of them, aged 12, dropped into a hole and stopped there. Ellis was called to the spot soon afterwards, stripped, dived in, and brought out the body. Artificial respiration was used, without success. Such are the bare facts of the case as published. Now, as a matter of fact, Ellis is existing in a state of abject poverty. He is a married man with three children, the eldest of whom is six. Owing to ill-health, he is out of work and has been for some time. He is the resident-caretaker of St. Martin's Mission Rooms, Edmonton. He receives no wages—indeed, for the privilege of having rooms there his wife does a certain amount of cleaning, and he pays three shillings a week in addition to rendering slight services. While it is, no doubt, gratifying to him to receive the Royal Humane Society's testimonial, we think the little family will appreciate even more the cheque for three pounds which we have sent from the JOHN BULL Derby Sweepstake Charity Fund.

DANGER ON THE LINE.

A WORD ABOUT THE MAN IN THE SIGNAL BOX.

We have been so remarkably immune from railway accidents lately—a week actually passing without grave loss of life—that we must apologise for suggesting that a disaster may occur in the near future if signalmen are not relieved of some of their duty. We are credibly informed that there are hundreds of these men working sixty-six hours a week for the princely sum of 26s. They are forced to take their meals standing up, and are martyrs to indigestion. Every week more traffic is put on the roads, and greater vigilance is demanded of the man in the box. And what about the coming Christmas traffic? We don't wish to give travellers the cold shudders—but there you are!

The Merry Christmas No.—"John and Mary." Ready Friday, Dec. 5th. 2d.

JAUNDICED JUSTICE.

PLUCKY PLAINTIFF BEARDS BAILIFF.

An order by Judge Smyly, K.C., for the payment of three and sixpence, followed by the issue of a judgment summons against the defendant, has had a remarkable sequel at the Bow County Court. Mr. Matthew Elliott, a milk vendor, appeared before his Honour in what was virtually an action against the High Bailiff of the Court for neglect of his official duty, the ground of complaint being that the warrant officers employed by the Bailiff had failed to execute a Committal Order issued as long ago as December, 1909. The defendant thus permitted to cheat the law was one Marcrocei, an Italian ice-cream vendor of West Ham, who, though possessed of ample means, had impudently resisted the plaintiff's just claim for the cost of milk supplied.

Mr. Elliott, who was without legal representation, stated his case with clearness and precision. There was no dispute as to the defendant's indebtedness or means, and the only point for consideration was the practicability of his arrest. In this connection the plaintiff asserted that Marcrocei had made no attempt to evade the Bailiff's officers, but had moved freely about his business under their daily observation. He had himself interviewed the debtor on one occasion and had indicated his place of residence to the High Bailiff.

This officer, who was represented by a solicitor, gave a flat denial to most of Mr. Elliott's statements. His officers were vigilant and honest men, in whom he had the utmost confidence. Their admitted failure to arrest Marcrocei was due to a doubt as to his identity, the defendant having apparently informed them that the real debtor had left the country.

We are anxious to be fair to the High Bailiff and we do not propose to dispute the accuracy of his evidence. We will dismiss, for the moment, the unsavoury stories with regard to the methods of bailiffs' officers which have reached us from time to time. The matter might have been speedily adjusted by the exercise of a little common-sense on the part of the learned Judge. Had Marcrocei been summoned to the Court and there been confronted by the plaintiff, the real truth of the matter would doubtless have been speedily apparent. Instead of adopting this, or some other simple means of clearing up an obvious difficulty, his Honour thought fit to dismiss the plaintiff's application and to award costs to the Bailiff upon the higher scale. Such a decision, while grossly unfair to Mr. Elliott, does nothing whatever to further the interests of justice in thus permitting its ordinances to be set at nought. Judge Smyly has committed gross contempt of his own Court.

MORE HEDGE LAWYERS.

NEW DODGE OF LEGAL ACCIDENT SOCIETY.

The enterprising H. Leslie, Secretary of the Provident Legal Accident Society, of 120, Marylebone Road, and elsewhere, seems to have picked up a particularly enterprising canvasser. Here is his *modus operandi*. He gives a rat-tat at the door—always when the breadwinner is out at work. Holding a large book in his hand, he imitates the rate collector to the best of his ability. "Sixpence, please," he says in response to the housewife who answers his knock. Naturally the suspecting woman asks, "What for?." The canvasser puts on an air of surprise. "What for!" he says, "Why, for legal aid in connection with all these motor accidents that are happening round here. It's shameful how children are being run down and maimed for life. We mean to stop it." The reference to the children usually touches the sympathy of the poor woman. She parts with her sixpence, and in return receives a ticket which she may just as well be without. And the "cute" canvasser goes on his way rejoicing. We have one of these tickets in our possession, and as it is numbered 89,322, Leslie must be doing a roaring trade. The Law Society should put a stop to this sort of business. They could easily do it by striking off the rolls certain shady solicitors who work hand and glove with these so-called Legal Aid Societies.

A KINDLY CADI.

MAGISTRATE SPARES TIME TO MAKE A POOR CHILD HAPPY.

Another evidence of the kindliness which, fortunately, so frequently tempers justice in this country, is the following correspondence, which has reached us from the genial and courteous Marylebone Magistrate. Although the claims upon his time by matters of importance must be very pressing and numerous, Mr. Paul Taylor writes us in his own hand:—

> The enclosed letter explains itself. On receipt of it I ascertained through Mr. Small, the Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who had charge of the case, the whereabouts of the child, and he thereupon undertook to see to the amount of the money order (2s.) which I handed to him being expended in gratifying some fancy of the little girl, Alice Fibley. I am sure you will be good enough to insert a line in your paper, where it may be likely to catch the eye of "E. W." of Gateshead—evidently an assiduous reader of John Bull.

The enclosure—signed "E. W., Gateshead, Co. Durham"—runs as follows:—

> The enclosed p.o. is for a case you had before you a good many weeks ago. A man and woman were brought before you by the N.S.P.C.C. These wretches ill-treated and starved their step-daughter, little Alice Fibley, of Mary-le-bone. Now, Sir, could one of your Court officials buy something with this money, perhaps a doll and a few sweets, and give them to her (I daresay they could find her), to bring a ray of sunshine into this motherless little girl's life? You remarked "Poor little Cinderella!" I sincerely hope you will do this. If you will send a line to John Bull, which I get every week, I'll know you have found her—at least, I hope so. I apologise for troubling you, as you are so busy.
>
> P.S.—You sent the step-mother to prison for a month.

We have had great pleasure in complying with the request of the worthy Magistrate, and are gratified that this journal should have been chosen as the medium for announcing that the benevolent intentions of our anonymous reader have been effectuated.

A DEFENCELESS DEFENDANT.

JUSTICE BLIND IN ONE EYE.

The Rev. J. A. Kerfoot, Vicar of St. John's, Abbeydale, recently obtained a verdict in a libel action against Dr. John Mastin, of Totley Brook, Sheffield. With the merits of the dispute we are not concerned, but it would appear that the defendant was somewhat unfairly treated in the course of his subsequent proceedings when the Under-Sheriff of Derbyshire and a jury sought to assess the damage suffered by the Vicar as a result of the libels. Dr. Mastin assures us that it was his full intention to be legally represented at the inquiry, but the solicitor whom he had instructed was unhappily prevented from being present. In these circumstances, the defendant would have attended the inquiry in person, but for the fact that he is suffering from an acutely painful disease, which may at any moment reach a fatal termination. He did what he could. His wife went to the Court armed with a medical certificate as to her husband's condition, which she was permitted to present to the Under-Sheriff. In common fairness to the defendant, the proceedings should then have been adjourned so as to enable him to instruct another lawyer. As it was, his interests were entirely unrepresented, and material facts in mitigation of damage may thus have been withheld from the jury. Nor is this all. Having read the doctor's statement to the jury, the Under-Sheriff, in his summing up, made what we are bound to regard as unfair use of the fact of defendant's absence. "Defendant had not thought fit, even at the last moment, to attend that inquiry, as he might have done, to give an explanation in mitigation of damages." In view of the clear testimony of defendant's medical attendant, the jury were doubtless able to discount the value of this observation, but we regret that the Under-Sheriff should have permitted himself to ignore the plain justice of the situation. If the facts as stated to us are correct, Dr. Mastin has suffered a material wrong.

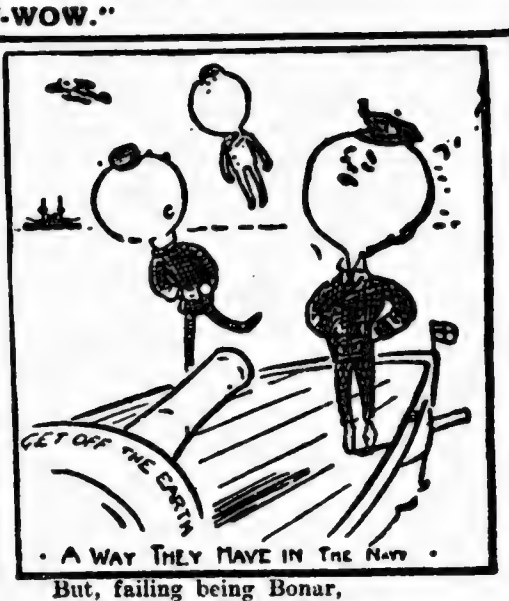
£1,800. The Biggest Football Prize ever offered. See page 871.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

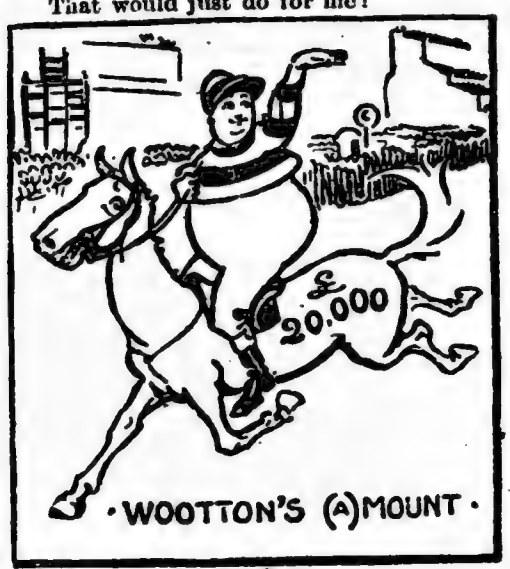
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

If I were not a rhymester
A parson I would be,
And softly squeeze my housemaid's hand
And sit her on my knee;
If I were not a rhymester
That would just do for me!

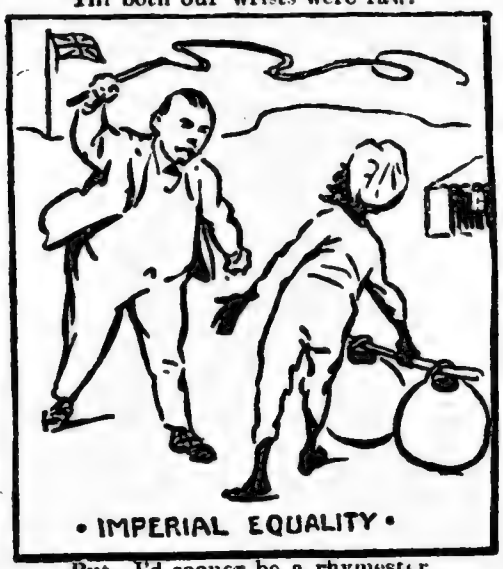
If I were not a parson
I'd be a Bonar Law,
And dare this passive Government
On me to place its paw,
And keep me chained to Carson
Till both our wrists were raw.



But, failing being Bonar,
I'd join the King's Navee,
And boss the toiling fishermen
Who trawl the stormy sea;
The more I felt my head swell
The happier I should be.



If I were not a sea-dog
I'd like to make a bid
For racing fame, and leave the course
With twenty thousand quid,
Like Master Frankie Woot'on,
Who's grown too fat, poor kid!



But—I'd sooner be a rhymester,
And for my supper sing,
Than lay the lash upon the backs
Of subjects of the King,
And make the Indian Empire
With indignation ring.

Nor would I be a parent
With boys at Harrow School,
Because this ban on smoking shows
The "Head's" some sort of fool;
Such impudent dictation,
To say the least, is cool.

THAT PEVENSEY BONFIRE!

THE VICAR'S THANKS TO "JOHN BULL."

That Bonfire is still smouldering—but so far as we are concerned it must be finally disposed of by the following letter:—

> With regard to the insertion in JOHN BULL, of the Bonfire Hymn used on 5th Nov. at Pevensey, it is only fair to Prebendary C. W. Bond, Vicar of the Parish, if you could find room, to state that the hymn was sung in spite of a vigorous protest made by him at the lighting of the bonfire—and also that the Schoolmaster, although approached by members of the Bonfire Committee, when he saw the words refused to teach the school children the words and music of the hymn.
>
> It is thought that the Chairman of that Committee, Mr. C. J. Knight—a district Councillor and at one time a sidesman of the Church and a responsible person—might have dispensed with such twaddle.
>
> Your paragraph will do the people of Pevensey more good than fifty sermons in the Parish Church—it will teach them a lesson, which they are not likely to forget in a hurry.

We suppose that, as long as men's minds are divided upon questions of dogma, there will be outbursts of opinion. Luckily—in this country, at any rate—they are of a very mild nature.

"THE SANCTITY OF THE NUDE."

A REJOINDER TO "THE MODERN VENUS."

One of our readers, Mr. Burton Williams, writes:—

> There is a phase of the question not dealt with in Beatrice Sinclair's article this week. I admit that a refined and cultured mind will always recognise the sanctity of beauty, and approach the nude with reverence, *but all minds are not cultured* and refined, and the "*mischievous schoolboy and adult degenerate*" to whom she refers exist in very large numbers, unfortunately, and it is the consciousness of their existence which leads to the disapproval of many exhibitions which are in themselves and of themselves only beautiful. I agree that when *all* people "can look upon the handiwork of the Creator with a clean and open mind," there will be no objections to raise, but very few really cultured husbands who also possess a saving sense of proportion care for their wives to be exhibited in a state of nudity to the general public, knowing that such public contains a very large proportion of "mischievous schoolboys and adult degenerates." Art *is* lofty, but the consciousness of the "sanctity of her body" is a great reason to be urged against a woman of refinement violating that sanctity in exhibiting herself to the gaze of the vulgar.

There is a good deal in what Mr. Burton Williams says—but surely the life of the ordinary sane citizen would soon be intolerable were all his actions to be circumscribed because the exercise of freedom would be bad for the comparatively few "adult degenerates" and "mischievous schoolboys" who would abuse liberty.

"Bullets"—Prizes value over £2,000 to be won this week. See page 878.

CLUB AND COMPANY.

MUDDLED MEETINGS AND MISSING MEMOIRS.

Several correspondents direct our attention to the anomalous proceedings of the People's Club and Institute Company, of Bath, the directors of which are the corporate patrons of the Harington Social Club. The personnel of the Company seems originally to have been identical with the membership of the Club, but with the lapse of time the control of the Club's affairs has passed into the hands of persons whose sole interest consists in the collection of substantial dividends from time to time. A situation so rife with the possibility of friction can hardly be of permanent duration, and we are by no means surprised to learn that an acute crisis has already arisen.

In the curious medley of conflicting interests, the position of the Harington Club members leaves little room for misconception. They are subscribers to a social club, and in return for their contributions they demand the reasonable amenities of club life. Only a few of their number are shareholders of the controlling Company. They complain, we think with reason, that their legitimate interests as clubmen are ruthlessly subordinated to the profit-making zeal of the directors of the dual concern. Nor is this all. They entertain profound misgivings as to the conduct of the Company's affairs, which have lately assumed a most extraordinary complexion.

At the annual meeting of shareholders on October 7th last the directors' recommendation for the payment of dividend was the subject of a breezy discussion, and was ultimately defeated by a substantial majority. It subsequently transpired that many of the votes cast were irregular, inasmuch as they proceeded from persons possessing no voting qualifications. The decision of the meeting was therefore set aside, and at a subsequent meeting of shareholders the directors' proposal for the payment of a five per cent. dividend was adopted. This reversal of policy was mainly due to the rigorous exclusion of Club members who were not shareholders, and to the strenuous exertions of shareholders devoid of personal interest in the Club. It is noteworthy that the proceedings were "watched" by a solicitor for interested parties.

There are indications that the directors of the Company have been by no means particular in their observance of the rules prescribed by the Companies' Acts. Complaint has already been made to the Registrar General that the books of the concern are strangely inaccessible, inquiries at the Company's registered offices having failed to elicit their production. So seriously does the law regard this phenomenon that directors are liable to a penalty of £2 per day while the books are "on vacation." We commend this fact to the careful notice of the Board.

The affairs of the People's Club and Institute Company have reached an impasse from which there is but one way of escape. The proper requirements of the Harington Club are incompatible with the financial interests of the Company's shareholders. In these circumstances, the Company should be amicably wound up, with a view to the establishment of the Club upon lines consonant with the purposes of its existence. Whether, in view of certain admitted facts, the first step shall be taken by the Company, or by the Club, is a matter for the discretion of the directors.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS.

GROWLS FROM MARRIED SOLDIERS.

We should like to know how it is that the married people of the Fusiliers, stationed at Umballa, are being systematically robbed. The regimental canteen is run by a native, who, of course, has to pay for the privilege, but instead of recouping himself by ordinary trade profits he sets to work and deliberately robs his customers. From a list of 25 articles we find that the prices in the regimental canteen are 25 per cent. higher than in the bazaar. Probably, someone other than the canteen contractor is out on the make. We know that the officers of the regiment would scorn to do a thing of this kind; nevertheless we lay the blame at their door, for the reason that it is their duty to see that their men are **not** robbed. Perhaps they will have a look round and see who is living at the rate of double his regimental wages!

A PERSECUTING BENCH.

COUNTRY JUSTICES ABROGATE THE LAW.

A wretched sample of magisterial tyranny comes from the village of Stanstead, Essex. In May last, Mrs. Benjamin Reed, the wife of a local labourer, was summoned for non-compliance with the vaccination laws in respect of her infant. It then transpired that the parents had a "conscientious objection" to vaccination, and that the mother had duly signed a claim for exemption, her husband being unable to write. The Clerk of the Court held that the mother's signature was, in the circumstances, legally sufficient, the word "parent" being widely defined by the Vaccination Acts. The Chairman of the Bench, however, arrogantly overruled the sound opinion of the Clerk, and, in defiance of both law and reason, peremptorily ordered the vaccination of the child and the payment of seven shillings costs. The parents, he declared, had had ample notice from the vaccination officer of the "requirements of the law." The father should have affixed his signature to the exemption form. In view of the poor fellow's inability to write his own name, it is a pity that his worship should have deigned no hint as to how such a feat might be accomplished.

The Reeds determined to resist the order, and early last month the husband was summoned to the Stanstead Petty Sessional Court to answer for his contumacy. His wife appeared on his behalf and reiterated her earlier statements. She had refused to permit the public vaccinator to inoculate her child, and should continue to do so in reliance upon the law as previously interpreted by the Clerk of the Court. A fine of five shillings, including costs, was imposed. In due course, a further summons will doubtless be served upon Reed, in respect of his continued resistance. Such persecution—there is no apter word—is entirely alien to the spirit of modern vaccination law, to say nothing of public opinion.

The case is clearly one for the active intervention of the Home Office. The Chairman of the Stanstead Bench, probably blinded by prejudice, has made a bad blunder which he lacks courage to repair. His colleagues appear to regard his breath as law, and are content to echo his tortuous decrees.

Their worships must be assisted by a clearer perception of their judicial duty. The imposition of recurrent penalties in respect of an "offence" which has no legal existence is a monstrous abuse of power, and outrages the English spirit of justice—particularly when, as in this case, the victims are poor ignorant people.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

CALLOUS TREATMENT OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

We should not recommend anyone to go to British East Africa without special invitation, for they have a peculiar method of getting rid of uninvited guests. On July 22nd last an English tourist, named Pickney, was sitting on the steps of Stanley Hotel, Nairobi, when another person seated himself alongside, and politely asked his name. The information was as politely given—so nicely, indeed, that the stranger invited Mr. Pickney to stay at his country place for a few days. The invitation was courteously declined; whereupon the stranger seemed to lose his temper and called the police. A doctor's certificate was produced, and Pickney was hurried away to a lunatic asylum. Here for ten days he lived under lock and key, guarded both day and night by native warders. He was then released unconditionally. Of course, he endeavoured to get redress. This he failed to do, so he retired to a more civilised part—Durban.

This is what the medical officer of the liner on which he sailed said:—

> Mr. J. W. Pickney has been a first-class passenger on board s.s. *Gascon* from Mombasa to Durban. I believe him to be sane and in possession of all his faculties. I have much pleasure in giving him this certificate.

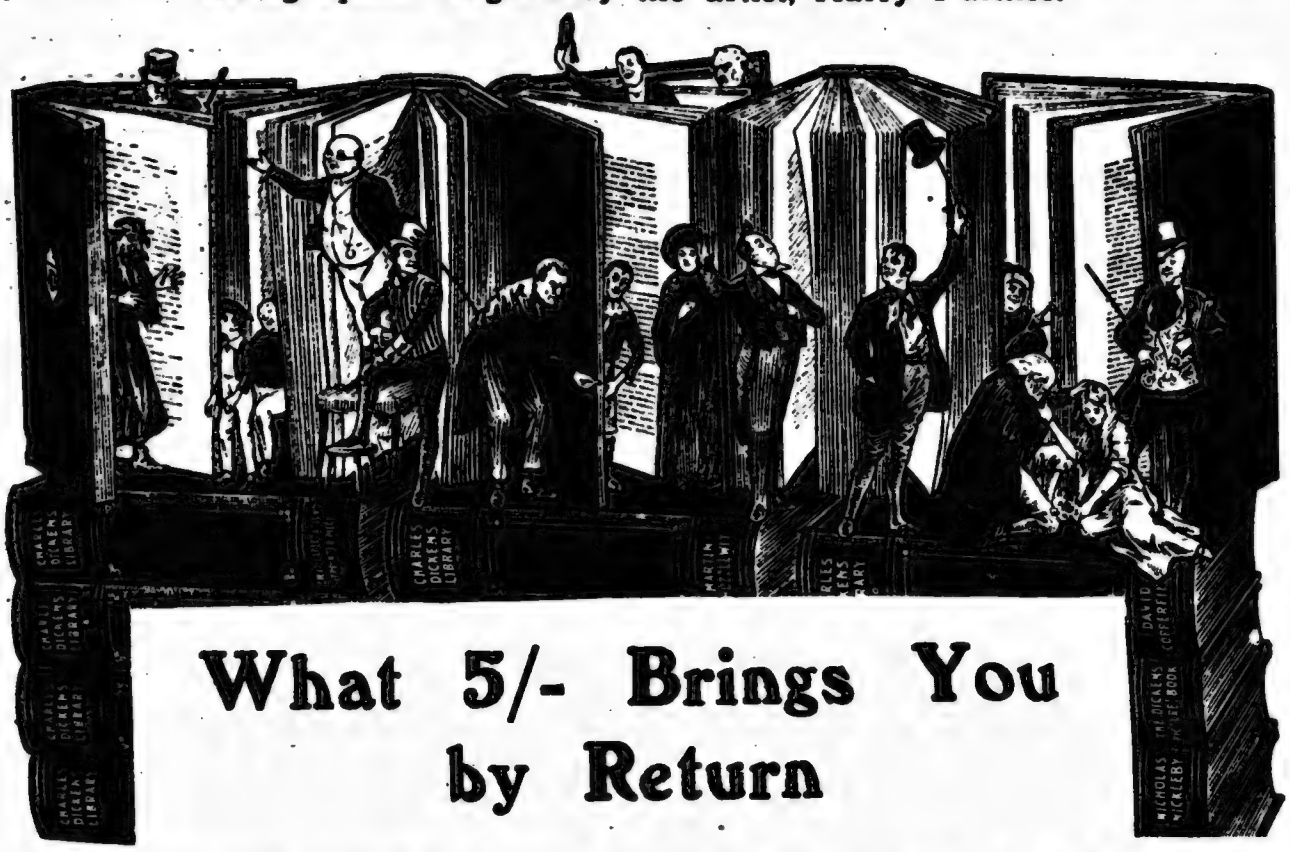
The only solution we can arrive at is that the lunatics of Nairobi resent the visit of sane people—they have a perfect right to choose their guests.

Remember the 5th of December—"John and Mary" appears. Don't miss it.

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

Readers of "John Bull" are offered their last chance of securing with the finest edition of Dickens' completed Works ever published, two beautiful first-impression colour-proofs of Dickens subjects—each proof autographed—signed by the artist, Harry Furniss.

This offer will not be repeated because almost all the beautiful colour proofs actually signed by Harry Furniss have been applied for.



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Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens (son of Charles Dickens) wrote us:

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A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—EXCEPT FOR GOLD.

In October last, Joseph Cockburn, a miner of Ashington, Northumberland, met his death in circumstances raising a strong presumption of suicide. The man's tragic fate has aroused intense feeling among his friends and workmates, who are familiar with the chain of unhappy incidents which has thus reached its grim culmination. Cockburn had been in ill-health for some time past, having followed no regular employment since November, 1912. Prior to this date, he had repeatedly complained of sickness and digestive disturbance, due to the pollution of air in the workings by nitrous fumes, which, in the absence of effective ventilation, are apt to accumulate in the area of blasting operations. Cockburn at length became so ill that he could no longer face the pit. He reported his condition to the manager of the colliery, with the very reasonable request that he might be found temporary employment in purer air. His plea was possibly construed as a reflection upon the management in respect of ventilating arrangements. He was dismissed.

Thus deprived at a stroke of his means of subsistence, Cockburn at once took steps to obtain compensation. Poisoning by nitrous fumes is a scheduled "industrial disease," whose victims are placed on the same footing as workmen injured by accident. But for some mysterious reason, Cockburn failed to sustain his claim. The doctor whom he first consulted declined to "certify" his illness for purposes of compensation. Cockburn was in no condition to sustain an unaided fight with the forces arrayed against him. The shock of his combined misfortunes was more than he could withstand. Mental trouble was superadded to bodily prostration. A few weeks later he was confined in the Morpeth Asylum.

His physical condition was still such as to occasion grave anxiety. At the instance of his friends he was examined, while in the asylum, by Dr. Brumell, the local surgeon for the notification of "industrial diseases." Little was to be hoped from this necessarily belated intervention. Seven months had now elapsed since Cockburn's first appeal for a compensation certificate. With the lapse of time his condition had become aggravated, while its origin had doubtless been obscured. Dr. Brumell found him to be suffering from "general paralysis," arising from no assignable cause. Friends of the now dead man, who remember his former vigorous health, have had little difficulty in supplying this unfortunate deficiency in the diagnosis.

Buoyed up by hopes of ultimate justice, Cockburn made a sort of recovery, which led to his discharge from the asylum in September last. He again applied for work at the colliery, where he was offered bank employment at a wage of three shillings a day. To a married man, the proffered job promised no more than a starvation pittance. In vain the broken man searched for an opening which might afford him the means of maintaining respectability and preserving his home. Despair dogged his steps, and, at last, with tragic suddenness, he made an end.

There is no compensation for the distracted widow. The husband's claim, flouted in his lifetime, is extinguished by his death. His dependents have no legal remedy. Yet who can doubt that, in wider equity, Joseph Cockburn's life was forfeit to that mad lust for wealth, no matter what the cost, which is writ large, and ever larger, athwart the grim annals of the mines?

A LITTLE SWEEPSTAKE WINDFALL.

It will be remembered that in connection with the mystery of the "Angel on Horseback"—the horse drawn in the name of the Chief Constable of Peterborough in Messrs. Smallman and Terry's St. Leger Sweep, and the ticket for which that official states was filled in by a relative without his authority—the sum of £5 5s. 3d. remained in the firm's hands, and that, as the Peterborough Infirmary was stupid enough to refuse the offer of it, we suggested that the money should go to our "Human Document" Fund. We have now received a cheque from Messrs. Smallman and Terry for the amount—and we are looking eagerly forward to the promised Christmas windfall from their JOHN BULL Football Cup Sweep. *Non olet!*

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CCLXXVI.

[In this column every week we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

AN ARSENICAL WORKER'S WOES.

The following case was brought to our notice by a local Public Health officer. In Plymouth there is a family consisting of man, wife, and three children, of whom the eldest is a girl of 19, earning 10s. a week. The two others are boys attending school. The father worked for twenty years at an arsenical factory in Cornwall, and left only because they had to close down. His next employment was in a stone quarry in the same district, and while working here his health began to fail. He left Cornwall for Plymouth in order that his wife might find work, which, however, she failed to do. Gradually he became weaker, his debility, no doubt, being caused by the long service at the arsenical works. Consumption set in, and he is now a hopeless wreck. His Insurance allowance is stopped, and to make matters worse his eldest daughter will soon have to leave her employment to undergo a very serious operation—indeed, she is waiting now to be admitted into hospital. The family are in debt to the extent of £5, but this sum is daily being increased. The age of the man is 46. If some little help can be rendered him until after the daughter's operation the family might be kept together, instead of drifting to the workhouse.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CCLXVII.—A. M. (Johannesburg), 10s.

CCLXVIII.—P. H. (Transvaal), 1s.

CCLXXIII.—"John o' Groats," 2s. 6d.

CCLXXIV.—J. W., 1s.; J. B., 3d.; "Sapper," 2s. 6d.; C. E. R. (Cocanada), £1; "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.; "Tenderheart," 1s.; B. I. B., 10s.; E. M. H., 4d.; A. M., 2s. 6d.; J. G. M., 1s.; J. L., 6d.; A. N. O., 1s.; E. M. H., 1s.; "Scottish Lad," 2s. 6d.; "Em-Ar," 1s.; Mrs. L. T., 2s.; R. R. W., 1s.; H. R., 1s.; G. W. T., 6d.; E. G. R., 6d.; "Jennie," 2s. 6d.

CCLXXV.—"Ivy Mary," 2s. 6d.; W. C., 6s.; T. B. D., 5s.; "Little Hilda," 2s.; E. G., 5s.; M. P., 5s.; "Appendix," 2s. 6d.; F. W. B., 5s.; G. E. C., 2s.; J. B. (Quebec), 3s.; M. H. G., 1s.; "Robert Arthur," 5s.

We have this week apportioned £10 from the JOHN BULL Derby Sweepstake Charity Fund as follows:—CCLVII., £2; CCLXXV., £5; £2 to the poor actor referred to in our last issue under the heading of "Treading the Hard Boards"; and £1 to a poor Camberwell man in order that he might pay his landlord four weeks' rent. We just prevented his goods being thrown into the street.

Mrs. M. K. Bennett, the winner of the £500 prize in our 58th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly forwarded us £5, which we have divided equally between Nos. CCLXXII., CCLXXIII., CCLXXIV., and CCLXXV.

We have also to acknowledge receipt of four letters for the Victoria Park Chest Hospital, from Mr. J. Harris.

COLLECTING BOXES.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. R. J. Wilson, "Cricketers' Hotel," Bury New Rd., 1s. 3d.; Mr. J. T. Beckett, Smithfield Market, 2s. 3d.

BRISTOL.—Mr. W. Parkinson, 115, Bath Rd., 2s. 2d.; Mr. G. Alford, 215, Stapleton Rd., 1s. 4d.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Athorn, Hairdresser, Broad St. Park, 1s. 9d.; Miss R. M. Hunt, Wortley Union Infirmary, Grenoside, 10s. 2d.

Total, 19s. 6d., which we have allocated to CCLXXV.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of bank notes for £25, covered by a slip of paper bearing simply the words:—

> Human Document No. CCLXXV.:—Notes for £25 enclosed towards the newspaper business. I leave it to you to dispose of the money in the way you think best.—P. J. C.

We are sure the donor will derive no less satisfaction from his good deed from the fact that he has preserved his anonymity, even from ourselves.

Do you want a Fine Plump Christmas Turkey? If so, turn to page 878.

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is famous. Travellers report of the red man's appetite and digestive powers that they are of the "I-can-eat-anything" kind.

Did you know that he is very fond of mustard?

Experience has shown him that the pleasant, zestful "tang" of mustard excites the salivary glands, and that the peculiar essential oil keeps the digestion in splendid order.

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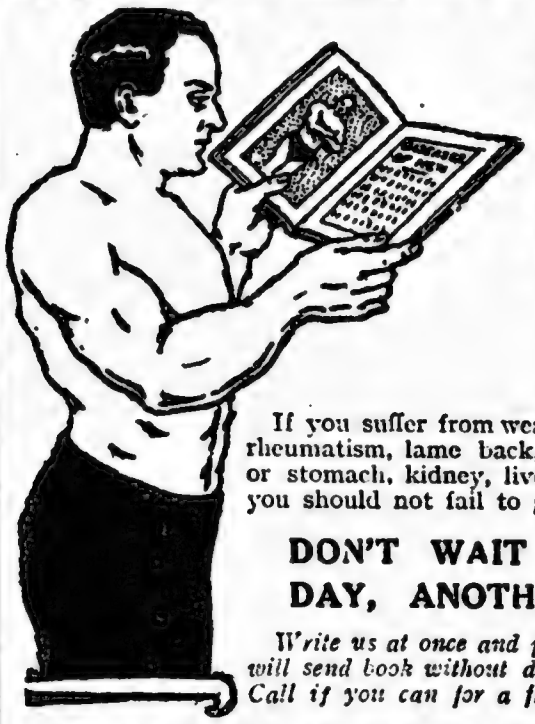

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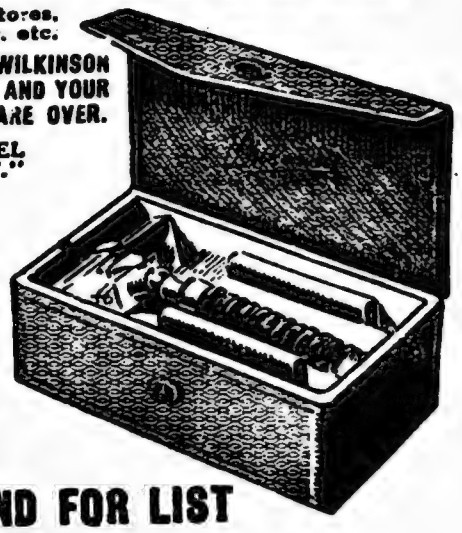

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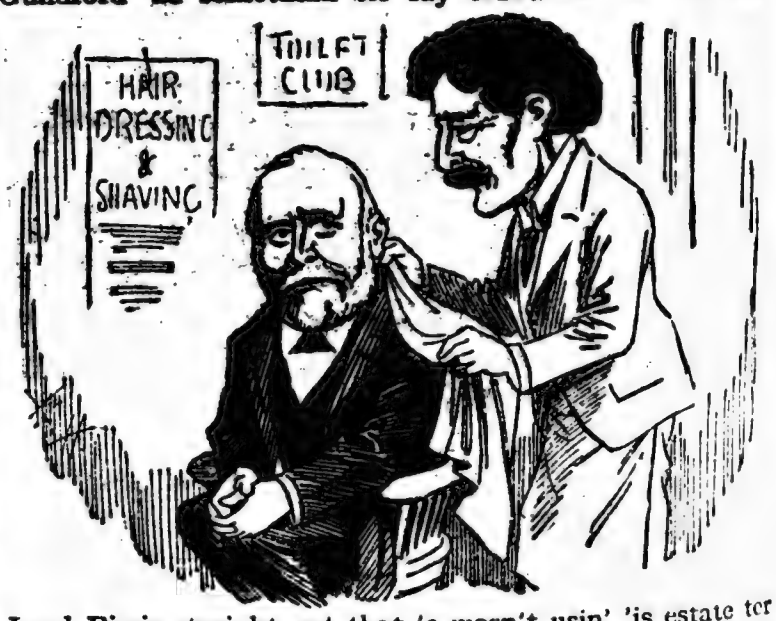
BILL: "Yus, matey, I starts bein' perlite next week."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD PIRRIE.

Take this chair, will yer, sir? . . . Jest a trim? . . . Very good, sir. . . . Give yer beard a bit more of a point? . . . Right. Leave thet ter me, sir. . . . I'll give yer the speshul Cap'n Kettle cut—the *h*aggressive prerjecshun, as I 'eard a gen'l'm'n call it. . . . You've gotter strong growth, though it's w'ite, sir. . . . Now, you're a nolder man then me—'ow do you ercount fur some men keepin' their 'air ser long? . . . No, I don't mean long in length, but long—*you* know, sir; a long time. . . . The life they lead? . . . D'yer think so, sir? . . . An' d'yer think a country life's better'n a town life fur the 'air? . . . Is thet so, sir? . . Torkin' er bout the country, Lloy' George is a-stirrin' things up a bit, ain't 'e, sir? . . . 'E's bin lettin' some of the big Tory landowners 'ave it 'ot, an' no errer. . . . You know, sir—them wot's done erway with farms on their *h*estates an' turned *h*agriculcheral land inter deer pawks. . . . Blinkin' shame, ain't it, sir, ter shove a chap outer 'is farm, w'ere 'e wos born—p'raps, spent 'is 'oneymoon, nussed the twins, an' p'raps 'oped ter die in the *h*end . . . Depends on circs, jew say, sir? . . . 'Ow jew make thet out? . . . I see, sir—too big a queschun fur a barber's shop. . . . You may think so, sir; but we discuss bigger queschuns then thet 'ere, sir, sometimes, *I* kin tell yer. . . . But 'arkin' back to wot I wos saying I see there's a big Liberal peer wot's bin doin' ther very same thing. . . . Lord Pirrie, 'is name is. . . . Wot's up, sir?—I don't think I snipped yer, did I? . . . On'y a twinge? . . . I see, sir. . . . This *is* rotten weather fur roomaticks. . . . But as I wos a-sayin', this bloomin' Liberal peer 'asn't 'arf bin makin' a mess of 'is estate in Surrey. . . . Witley Pawk, 'is place is, near Godalmin' . . . Funny part is, e wos one of ther first peers wot the Liberal Guv'ment made . . . P'raps you've 'eard of 'im, sir. . . . Chairman of 'Arland an' Wolf's, the big shipbuilders, 'e is . . . Well, 'e's bin an' wiped out farms, put ploughland darn fur grarss, grubbed up 'edges, and stuck up 'igh *h*iron fences—in short, played 'ell with erbart six miles o' ther best *h*agriculcheral land in Surrey. . . . An' wot fur? . . Fur *deer*. . . . Thet's wot 'e's done it fur. . *Deer*. . . An' 'e calls 'isself a Liberal! . . . But Mister Mangel Wurzle George don't say nuthink erbout *'im* w'en 'e torks erbout the wicked landowners wot 'ave driv the labrers from the soil. . . . Ho, no! . . . 'Cause w'y? . . . 'Cause Lord Pirrie is one of the richest members of the Liberal Pawty. . . *That's w'y*. . . . Jer foller me, sir? . . W'y, t'other day the prerspective Liberal candidate fur Guildford 'ad somethink ter say erbout it. . . . 'E told



Lord Pirrie straight out that 'e wosn't usin' 'is estate ter the best advantage. . . . I'm not sayin' 'e 'asn't gotter right ter do wot 'e likes in reason with 'is own land, wot 'e bought an' paid fur; but wot I awsk is this—wot would Mister Mangel Wurzle 'ave sed erbart it if Lord Pirrie ad bin a Tory? . . . 'Ow's thet fur short, sir? . . . Thank you, sir. . . . Yes, thet's the point, sir—Wot would Mister Merternerty Benent 'ave sed if me lord 'ad bin a Tory? . . . W'y, 'e would 'ave told 'im 'e wos devastatin' the countryside fur 'is own wicked pleasure, an' oughter be pole-axed, or somethink 'orrible like thet. . . . Thank yer, sir. . . . good day, sir. . . . Nex' gen'l'm'n, *please* . . . Eh? . . . Lord Pirrie 'imself? . . . Think I didn' know thet? .

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REVOLUTION
IN THE COST OF SHAVING.

Regency Blades—which fit any guinea safety-razor—cost one penny each. Each blade is good for 24 shaves. Made of finest wrought English st el, tempered and treated by a special process the cutting edges take on an almost invisible keenness whilst still retaining the maximum durabi ity. Each Regency Blade is stropped and po ished by hand. Purchasers of the famous Regency Safety Razor at 2s. 6d. receive 3 free blades, and are entitled to as many further blades as they may require for their own use at a cost of one penny each. Send a postcard for this razor on 7 days' trial. Pay only if you are satisfied.

REGENCY Co. (B C. Dept), Regency House, Regent St., London, W.

See our £5 offer in last week's "John Bull"

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor WITH 12 Blades 5/- COMPLETE

3,000,000

Trade Mark Face.

HAPPY MEN Shave Daily with the "EVER-READY"

THE "Ever-Ready" Blade will give you the best shave of your life. The "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor Outfit with 12 Blades, and all for 5/-, makes Guinea Razors a positive extravagance.

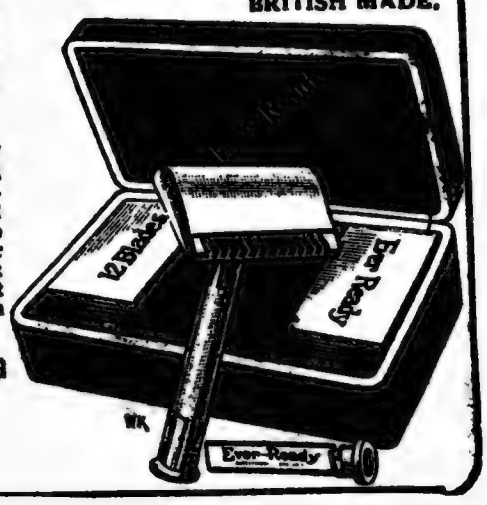
The Outfit contains Triple Silver-plated Razor frame (guaranteed for 10 years), Blade Stropper and 12 Blades, as illustrated, in a handsome durable case

BRITISH MADE.

Remember there are 12 Blades with the "Ever-Ready" Set at 5/-.—Count your Blades.

Extra Blades in Packets of 12 for 3/-

Your money back instantly if not completely satisfied. Sold Everywhere Cutlery, Hardware, Chemists and General Stores. Insist on having the "Ever-Ready." If your dealer attempts substitution, the Outfit or Extra Blades will be sent direct to your house, post free, on receipt of P.O.



INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD.,
6 & 7, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

POLITICAL PATTER.

MR. JOHN REDMOND.

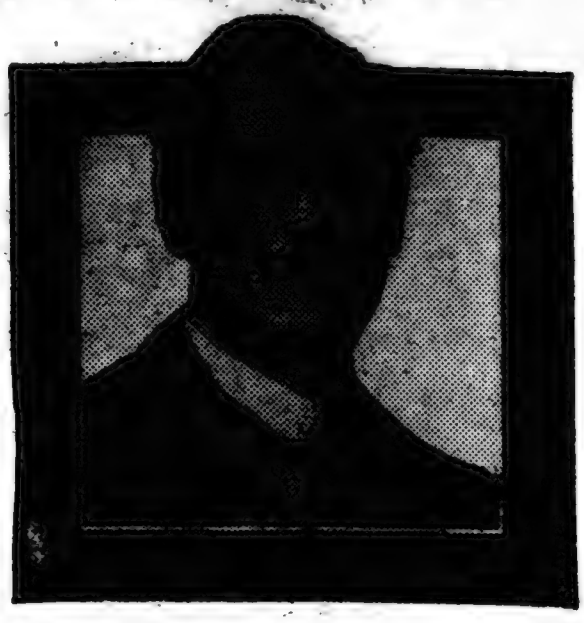
(*Sings*) Be way av recreation
Ut's little thot Oi du
But lead the Oirish nation,
The devil knows where tu.
Oi niver larnt the Tango,
To dance Oi don't incloine;
But Oi only have tu hold me little finger up loike thot,
And Asquith toes the loine!

Faith, ut's strange phwat influence some men have on their fellow craturs! Ut's a gift. Oi've only got tu look a man fair an' square in the oye—loike thot—an' he'll either thread on the tail av me coat, or say "At your sarvice, yer hanner." Oi remimber the first toime Oi iver wint tu America tu see Pathrick Ford—may the angels in hiven chune his harrp for'um!—tu collect money fure th' Home Rule foight. Whin Oi wint into his office there he was sittun' wid his back tu me. "Who's thot?" he ses. "Ut's me," Oi ses. "Oh, is ut," he ses, "an' who's 'me' whin he's at home?" "John Redmond," Oi ses. "Thin, go tu the divil," he ses. "Thot manes stoppin' here," Oi ses, an' took a sate. Wid thot he looked round. "An' phwat is ut ye're wantin'?" he ses. "Money," Oi ses, an' fixed 'um wid me oye. Thot did ut. Oi came back wid the dollars, an' Oi wint tu see Asquith. Whin Oi walked into his office at Downing Street he was sittun' wid his back tu the dure. "Who's thot," he ses. "Ut's me," Oi ses. "And who's 'me'?" he ses. "John Redmond," Oi ses. "Well?" he ses. "Very well indade, thanks be," Oi ses, "how's yerself?" "Tut-tut!" he ses. "Two tut-tuts," Oi ses. Wid thot he looked round. "D'you know who you're talking to?" he ses. "Oi du," Oi ses. "What do you want?" he ses. Thin Oi fixed 'um wid me oye. "Oi want you," Oi ses, "tu toe the loine," Oi ses; an' he's been toein' ut iver since. Ah, ot's a foine thing tu be able tu mismeroise paple an' make um du phwat yez want um tu du. Wait till Oi'm Proime Ministher ave the Oirish Parrlymint in Dublin! Oi'll make um toe the loine! Oi shall send fure Carrson, an' Oi shall say "Carrson," an' he'll say "Yes, yer hanner?" An' Oi shall say "Oi'm Proime Ministher av the Oirish Parrlymint." "The divil you arre!" he'll say. "Oi am thot," Oi shall say, "an' you've got tu toe the loine." "Oh, Oi have, have Oi?" he'll say, "not in this Ulster." Thin Oi'll fix 'um wid me oye—loike thot—an' Oi'll tell 'um tu sit up an' beg, an' Oi'll put a bit av sugar on his nose. Ah, we'll have foine toimes on College Green in those days, bedad! Oi shall sind fure the Chancellor av the Oirish Exchequer, an' Oi shall say tu 'um, "Look here, Willie, me bhoy, is there anny money in the bank?" An' he'll say "Yis, father, there's a pound or two. Phwat fure?" "'Cas Oi'm thinkun' av givun' th' Proime Ministher a roise," Oi shall say. "Phwat d'yer mane," he'll say, "ut's yerself phwat's Proime Ministher, isn't ut?" "D'ye think Oi don't know ut?" Oi shall say. "Thot's whoy Oi'm goin' tu give 'um a roise. Mark 'um up foive pounds a wake extra from tu-day." An' Oi shall fix 'um wid me oye.

(*Sings*) Oh, be way av recreation
Ut's little thot Oi'll du,
But lead the Oirish Nation,
The divil knows where tu.
Oi'll niver larn the Tango—
Tu dance Oi don't incloine;
But, plaze the pigs, in Dublin
Oi'll make 'um toe the loine.

[Jig, *and* Exit.]

A remarkable system of acquiring a knowledge of music has recently been devised, and has already proved of great benefit to many persons who wish to acquire the fascinating art of pianoforte playing without the long and tedious drudgery which has hitherto been necessary for its accomplishment. By an ingenious simplification of the notation, it is possible for the merest tyro to play by sight, after but two or three lessons, all music printed according to "Naunton's National Music System," as the invention is called. We can cordially recommend all interested in musical matters—whether players or not—to write to the Manager of Naunton's National Music System, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., for particulars of their offer of a practical test at a nominal fee.



Brain Fag, Nerve Strain—

Mr. WILLIAM ROE (Editor and Musical and Dram tic Critic of "The Eastern Morning News." Hull', writes:—

"I have had more than sufficient opportunity o' lear ing what it means to be the victim of fagged br in and ra ged nerves, and find Phosferine is i valuable as a restorative in moment of menta' and nervous strain. I am convin ed that it has saved me from serious breakdowns on numerous occasions. Six drops of Phosferine act magically. I have found, too, that it can be taken for a time and left off at will, since it leaves no cravin: for a continuance of the t eatment when nerves and brain are once calmed.'—Sept mber 15, 1913

No other medicine has received such absolute proof of its extraordinary properties in restoring Shattered Constitutions, and in giving back to the prematurely aged New Life and Energy.

CAUTION

There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by PHOSPH THIS or PHOSPH THAT, but get

PHOSFERINE

The Greatest Tonic and Digestive.

Supplied by Royal Commands to

The Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.M. the late King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania, etc.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

When You Read This—Act Upon It!

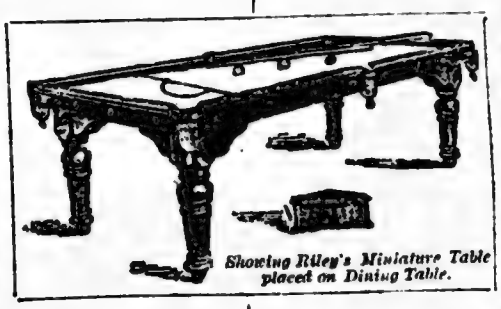
IT MEANS COMPLETE ENJOYMENT FOR YOU AND YOURS THIS CHRISTMASTIDE.

FILL IN THE COUPON TO-NIGHT, and send 8s. 6d. If you are not satisfied after seven days' trial your money will be refunded.

CHRISTMAS — merry Christmas with all its festivity and time-honoured traditions—will soon be with us. And how to entertain will be a problem occupying the minds of thousands of people now. Amusement that can be shared by all with equal enjoyment is what is required. No one must be neglected. The various temperaments must be studied. Old and young — grave and gay — all must be cate ed for.

Amusement that never palls.

For all-round amusement and enjoyment no game can equal Billiards. At one time it was considered a rich man's game —but this is not so to-day. It has been brought within the reach of all—straight to the home, whether large or small. And now, within the wholesome confines of the home circle, continuous amusement can be shared by all, and the



Showing Riley's Miniature Table placed on Dining Table.

Enjoyment Strengthens as it Lengthens.

Billiard playing stimulates all participants and promotes the proper spirit of goodwill and good-fellowship. It also develops accuracy, calculation and concentration in the younger generation and holds its own against all outside attractions. There is always some new factor to hold the attention—a difficult shot to master—a "break" to emulate—or a score to beat.

Perfect Tables for every Home.

Riley's, of Accrington, are now making and placing in thousands of homes miniature tables with all the characteristics of the standard tables embodied. It was on a Riley table that George Gray made some of his sensational breaks—and that wonderful wizard of the billiard world, John Roberts, accomplished some of his most famous performances. Every Riley Miniature is as accurate as science and skill can make it—accuracy that cannot be surpassed, and rarely, if ever, equalled.

How to Get the Table.

Billiards at home is *not* impossible if you have no large rooms, nor do you require any special room. Riley's, for the trifling sum of 8s. 6d. down and twelve small monthly payments of 8s. 6d., will bring to your home (at their risk) one of their popular size miniature Billiard Tables measuring 6 ft. 4 in by 3 ft. 4 in. This table will fit any ordinary-sized room, is perfectly proportioned, and gives the same true game and perfect running of the Riley famous standard makes.

Seven Days' Free Trial.

But supposing for some reason or other, you are not satisfied with your table after seven days' trial —all you have to do is to pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed *free* of all cost to you. Of course, no one ever does send their Riley Miniature Table back. As a matter of fact, once the table is in the house, and everyone has had a trial run of the balls—it becomes a fixture and a firm and lasting favourite.

In addition to the Miniature Table, RILEY'S have another Table, the

'Combine' Billiard & Dining Table

Showing Riley's 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Table.

Where a room cannot be set aside for Billiards, the 'Combine" is most convenient. Built in exact proportion it gives the same accurate and perfect game as the standard size Beautifully made, it makes a handsome piece of furniture as a dining table and can be converted to required purpose in a few seconds by a simple piece of mechanism. This table can also be secured on easy payments, spread over 13 or 18 months.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Morton Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

DO NOT DELAY. Send this Coupon *NOW*.

This coupon entitles you to a Free Trial, for seven days, of one of Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables. On receipt of the coupon, accompanied by a deposit of 8/6, the table will be forwarded and you get seven days to try it. If you are not pleased, pack the table up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed free of all cost to you—and your 8/6 will be refunded.

.....CUT OFF HERE.....

Great SEVEN Days' Free Trial Coupon

To E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Morton Works, Accrington.

Please forward to me one of your Miniature Billiard Tables, for which I enclose a P.O. for 8/6 as deposit. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with the table you undertake to remove it free of all cost to me, and refund the 8/6.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Nearest Railway Station .....

OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To His Majesty King Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Sir,—Nobody who has followed events in the Balkans can resist the conclusion that your treachery to your allies, your unscrupulous ambitions, and your shameless double-dealing are well requited by the distrust and contempt with which you are regarded in the chancelleries of Europe. All that your country gained by your capabilities as a soldier has been lost to it by your vices as a diplomatic trickster. You flouted Russia when she was your friend and made her your friend no more. You fought side by side with Servia, to fall on her unawares in your common hour of victory; she could save herself only by beating you to your knees. Now her streets and public places are ringing with the news that, prior to the first Balkan war, you made two secret treaties to support her in any war into which she might be forced against Austria. There seems nothing left for you to do except to fall into the open arms of Turkey and there abide until the distant day when something turns up to fulfil your dream of driving her into Asia by re-capturing your lost provinces and piercing her through the heart at Constantinople. But much may happen before then. Your Majesty may even have vanished from the Bulgarian throne, as a fugitive from justice.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Gladstone, Governor-General, South Africa.

Dear Lord Gladstone,—I am by no means oblivious of the manifold difficulties of your high position, and I address you in all friendliness and with sincere respect. You cannot be insensible to the grave significance of recent happenings at Cape Town, where, after prolonged and envenomed controversy, General Hertzog—an undisguised Republican—has thrown the gage of revolt at the feet of the South African Premier. I am disposed to share your confidence in Botha, as a man striving against heavy odds to allay racial hatred, and to erase the memory of strife But you know, as I do, that Hertzog is a dangerous and reckless agitator, burning with a lawless desire to trample the flag of Union under foot, and to undo the grim work which bound South Africa to Britain in title deeds written in blood. I have confidence that you will keep the Government apprised of their danger, and that wise counsel will mark your despatches. The prosperity of a new nation is in your keeping. No cloud of strife must dim its dawn. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, M.P., Foreign Office, Whitehall.

Dear Sir Edward,—I understand that your official attention has been directed to credible reports pointing to the prevalence of grave atrocities in certain rubber estates on the Upper Amazon, in which British capital is deeply involved. Such charges, preferred of late with appalling frequency, point to the necessity for an exhaustive inquiry into the whole circumstances governing the relations of native labour to British enterprise in haunts remote from the restraining influence of civilisation. The barbarities of Putumayo are fresh in the public mind, and the moral sense of the community demands prompt and effective action for the vindication of national honour.

John Bull.

To E. Jobling, Esq., Scientist, c.o. "Knowledge," London.

Learned Sir,—I have been much impressed by your speculations as to the precise age of this round earth of ours, a theme of acute moment to those of us who dwell thereon. Your observations are, happily, free from that arid dogmatism which is apt at times to disfigure the utterances of scientific men. You admit, for instance, that your estimate will have to be discarded, should it prove erroneous—a frank and manly concession which does you infinite credit. I observe that Lord Kelvin's guess at the birthday of the planet is now a back number, while poor old Archbishop Usher is merely among the "also rans." For yourself, you are disposed to regard one hundred million years as the earth's minimum age, but you are prepared, if need be, to consider a higher estimate. Your decision represents the acme of prudence. Are you Scotch?

John Bull.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Avory, Law Courts, Strand.

M' Lud,—At your behest, Stanley Burton Tasker, a boy of sixteen, will spend the next three months in gaol. Thus branded with the hateful stigma of felony, he will go forth to face the world with prospects blighted at the very outset. His lapse from the path of strict probity will be punished, not merely by a few weeks' imprisonment—intrinsically, that is a small matter—but by weary years of shame, bitterness, and futile remorse. You know these things as well as I do. A humane judge could scarce have steeled himself to inflict so dire a penalty upon a wayward child. You ignored the powerful plea whereby it was sought to invoke your prerogative of mercy. You declined to put the culprit on probation, thus setting up your grisly justice in direct opposition to the mercy of the law. You refused to lend your aid to benevolent arrangements for the lad's reclamation, which in reliance upon your humanity had already been completed. You conceived it your duty to work vengeance where every human instinct counselled mercy. Yet, I fancy that in quiet hours to come there will be moments when you will regret the fell decree which toppled Stanley Tasker o'er the brink of the abyss.

John Bull.

To His Worship Councillor Thomas Wilson, Mayor of Berwick.

Worshipful Wilson,—What is this I hear? They tell me that on Mayor's Day, after the Sheriff, Aldermen, Councillors, and policemen had seen the ex-Mayor home they processed to your dwelling, that on arriving there the civic dignitaries marched in to partake of cake and wine, the usual proceeding on these august occasions; that the men in blue were left on the doorstep while your worship's Serjeant of the Mace, or some other important person, exhorted them to the effect that your worship had directed him to wipe their boots very clean on the doormat before they entered your worthy babies' castle, and that they were so offended at this official instruction on the relation of footmarks to manners that they left the doorstep in a body, with their tummies cakeless and their thirst unquenched. It may be that your worship had bought a new carpet and was unduly anxious concerning its lustre on the morrow of the procession. However that may be, it is said the force is still discussing the "insult" furiously; and as I have the touching tale, so have you, and there's an end. John Bull.

To the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., City Temple, London.

Sir,—Your outspoken survey of the existing industrial situation betokens keen insight and an apt appreciation of the sinister trend of current events. Without yielding assent to every detail of your conclusions, I confess to substantial agreement with your disquieting diagnosis of social ills. With you, I am convinced that we are drifting—blindly, negligently, and with fatal swiftness—towards perils of which no man can predict the issue. But, pardon one word of criticism. I could wish that you had found time to propound your remedy. There is a growing disposition to wrest the big things of our national life from Party's palsied grip, and to attempt their solution in a spirit of amity, illumined by the common sense of all. Will you help?

John Bull.

To Mr. Harry Lauder, Palace Theatre, London.

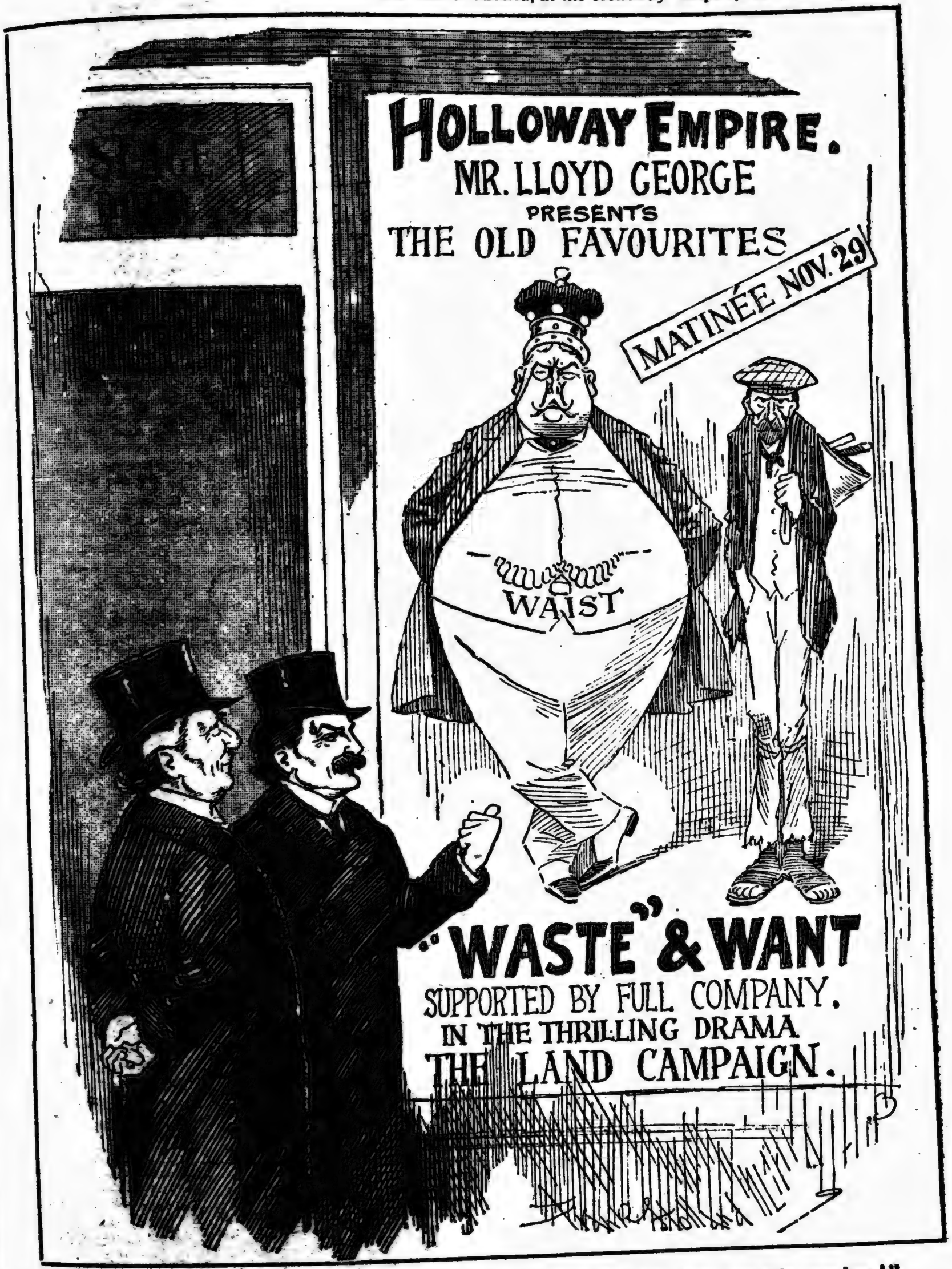
Dear Harry,—Now that you have told us how you once nearly lost your precious life, and explained to us why you are—or rather, how you are not—mean, I suppose you will soon be packing your tooth-brush and getting on with your trip round the habitable globe. I trust you may escape the horrors of *mal de mer*, and to this end I would urge you to check that tendency to high living, which, contrary to popular belief, would seem to be your besetting sin. Arrived on distant strands, you should unbend with caution, for there are sharks in all waters, and unbridled generosity—to which I gather you are peculiarly prone—may work your grave undoing. When at last you sigh for "the bonnie bloomin' heather," and turn your steps homeward to the home o' the haggis, I pray you to ponder one more wee word of advice. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, my dear Harry—which being translated reads, "Don't swank!"

John Bull.

Is Friday Unlucky? See page 841.

"'WAIST' AND 'WANT.'"

("The waste belongs to one set of persons and the want is endured by the other."—
MR. LLOYD GEORGE, at the Holloway Empire, on Saturday last.)



LLOYD GEORGE: "That's the sort of thing that fetches 'em, Asquith, my boy!"

MORPHEAN MUTTERINGS.

NIGHTMARES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. F. E SMITH.

Get over!—Stand still, will you!—Steady, old girl—Tchk, tchk!—Now w're off!—Steady, stea-dy!—Heavens! she's got the bit in her teeth!—Woa! mare—She's got her head!—Woa!—Steady, old girl, steady!—Confound the brute, she'll have me off in a minute!—Woa, will you!—This is Carson's fault, curse him!—There he is watching—and grinning—Hi, Carson, come and catch her by the head, will you?—She's got away with me!—D'you hear?—Carson!—*Carson!*—CARSON!!!—Help, for the sake of Belfast!—She's running away with me! I shall be over her head if she stumbles—Damn!—I've lost a stirrup!—What on earth shall I do?—Throw my arms round her neck?—Better not—She might rear and fall on me—I wish that fool Carson would leave off grinning—Woa!—Great Scott, I was nearly off that time!—Why, it isn't Carson after all!—It's Redmond!—I'll break my neck before I ask his help—Steady, you brute!—Lord, I didn't bargain for this bumping!—If-I-could-only-get-my-foot-in-this-stirrup—I should be all right—Woa!—She's got a mouth like a Labour agitator—This is galloping with a vengeance—If I only get out of this I'll see Carson at the Old Bailey before I do any more galloping for him—Ste-steady!—Look at the wicked beast!—She's put her ears back!—Woa! mare!—Scott! now I've lost the other stirrup—Hi! Redmond!—Catch her head as she comes round, there's a good chap—Be a pal!—Thought it was Redmond—It's old Birrell, grinning and blinking—And there's Dillon—and Lloyd George—and Churchill, all staring, damn 'em—I know, they want to see me come off—Woa! that was a near thing!—She's started bucking now!—Wo-o-oa! you brute!—Th-this-l-looks-l-like be-be-being-th-th-the-fi-fi-finish!—Now she's making for the bog!—The brute!—She can't get me off so she means to drown me!—I must get her head round somehow—Scott, how I ache!—Come round, you fool!—She must have a jaw like Devlin to stand this pulling—I can't get her round!—We shall both be bogged in a minute!—Woa!—Who's that running?—It's Larkin!—Larkin, lend a hand, there's a good chap!—Catch her head!—He's going to try!—Look, he's crouching to spring!—Got her!—Larkin, you're a brick!—Now help me down, will you?—I'm too stiff to move—No more galloping for me, my boy, I can tell you!—That's right, let me lie here for a bit—Is that an Orange drum I can hear beating?—Let 'em beat!—Go on, bang away!—I'm going to have a rest—Confound the noise!—Couldn't they beat their beastly drum a bit quieter?—If it was not for that wretched drum beating I should be quite comfortable lying here—Eh?—What's that?—Half-past eight?—All right, *all* right!—Fancy a knock at the door making me dream like that!

OUR OWN ALMANAC

DEC.

All melancholy out of doors,
The wet drips from the trees
And trickles down one's collar in
The month of DEC.

Next day the rain may disappear,
But then it starts to freeze;
Of these two evils you must choose
The least, in DEC.

Then either influenza, or
Rheumatics in the knees,
Is sure to come along to let
You know 'tis DEC.

The month reminds you it is one
At which you may not sneeze,
For if you do it means a week
In bed in DEC.

But yet the days have welcome points,
For ev'ryone agrees
That snow and ice are jolly if
They come in DEC.

And if they don't? Well, get your chair,
Ensconced in it, at ease,
Just woo the fire and thank your stars
For coal in DEC.! RICARDO.

SMOKE OF HERBS CURES CATARRH

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

WHILE engaged in the general practice of medicine, Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong, and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm medicated vapour.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves, and flowers which, when ignited and the warm fumes inhaled, would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, or as a cigarette, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs, or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is pleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines, fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts

If you have Catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of Catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. Blosser, Ltd., Dept. (21 A), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

He will also send you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs four shillings and sixpence for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet, and free trial package will be sent you immediately.

On sale at Boots' and other chemists' shops.

The black in above cut shows the parts reached by Dr. Blosser's Remedy, viz: the whole disease, not a spot, nook or corner escapes. It goes to C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, EVERYWHERE, and it wipes out the disease wherever it goes.

REVEALS COMPLEXION SECRETS OF THE SPANISH.

LADY TELLS HOW THEY KEEP THEIR YOUTHFUL COMPLEXIONS, EVEN AT SIXTY.

"As a young girl," writes one of our readers, "I always had a nice clear and delicately-tinted complexion, but on reaching the age of thirty it changed completely. The chilly winter winds and rain made my skin rough and dry—my face used to burn and smart horribly after the slightest exposure to frost or cold. I felt very worried to see the dreadful change that was taking place. About this time I went for a trip abroad, and, while travelling in the south of Spain, became intimate with an elderly Spanish lady. Knowing how proud the Spanish girls are of their lovely skin, and hoping she could help me, I told her of my trouble. She advised me to obtain two ounces of rose water, one dram tincture of benzoin, and two ounces of ordinary flowers of oxzoin from the chemist, which, she said, I could mix myself, and after shaking well, apply it with a soft cloth or sponge. She stated that her family had used this lotion for years, and vowed it would quickly restore my complexion. I applied the lotion as she told me, and the result was surprising. In two days I saw a great difference. The skin was losing its roughness, the dry, tight feeling was easier, and the burning ceased altogether. After four days' use the change was wonderful. My skin had regained its smoothness, the pores were no longer coarse, and my complexion had grown younger before my very eyes. Regular use of this splendid recipe has kept my complexion beautiful for thirty years. It is inexpensive, delightful to use, and so effective that it cannot fail to please anyone who trys it."

THE

'Oxford' Divan Chair makes a real Xmas Gift.

An Easy Chair that will outwear any Tapestry Chair made.

Nothing can approach the superb value the "Oxford" gives to every purchaser—it is everything that an easy chair *should* be. . . . Materials and workmanship throughout are of the very best procurable. It is extremely roomy, perfectly sprung and represents the very acme of comfort

The 'Oxford' is **NOT** a tapestry chair—but is beautifully upholstered in real Saddlebag, and has a rich and artistic fringe.

In Red, Blue, or Green Colours.

4/- WITH ORDER ONLY. Balance 4/- Monthly.

The price of the OXFORD DIVAN CHAIR is 47/6 only. You may either pay cash, or if you prefer fill in the coupon below, and send with it your remittance for 4/-. The balance may be paid in monthly instalments of 4/-.

Immediate delivery may be obtained and carriage is paid to your door. . . . We can assure you that it would be quite impossible to obtain a chair of similar character at anything approaching such a moderate price.

COUPON for the immediate delivery of the **OXFORD DIVAN CHAIR.**

To THE HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., Ltd.,
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I enclose 4/- for the Oxford Divan Chair, being first payment on 47/6, and agree to send 4/- a month until paid for. Kindly send a .....chair (state whether blue, red, or green colour is required).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

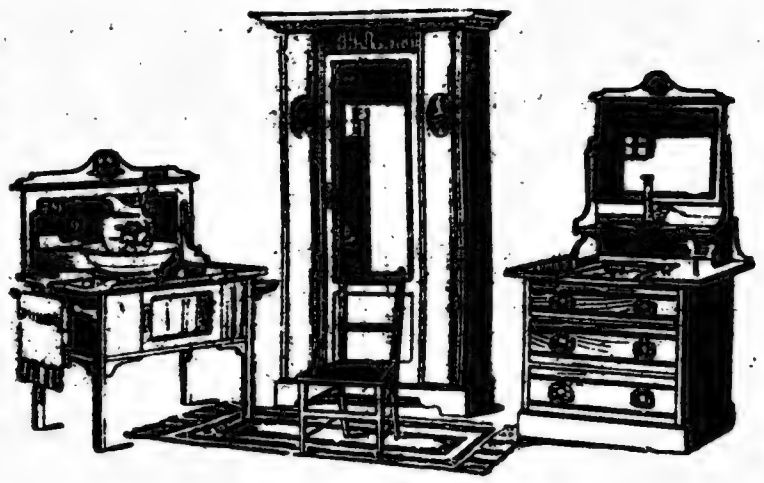
Inlaid Mahogany Bureau Bookcase as illustrated.

£8-8-0.

BEDROOM SUITE in Solid Satin Walnut, four pieces; washstand fitted with towel airers and wardrobe fitted with three-quarter length mirror and coloured glass side panels.

£8-17-6

(This Suite can be polished Mahogany if required.)



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20	0 11 0
30	0 17 0
40	1 5 0
50	1 8 0
100	2 5 0
200	4 10 0
500	11 5 0
1,000	22 10 0

You may take full advantage of these Easy Payments without finding security or paying **EXTRA INTEREST**—*and your payments may be spread over a period of three years if you wish it. In this way you furnish on ample credit without one penny extra charge.*

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

By BILL THE 'BUSMAN.

A TALE AFTER MIDNIGHT.

"I'm a husband without a wife,
I've a house, but I haven't a home,
I'm a father without any children,
And lone in the dark I roam!"

The hour was one in the morning,
The night was black and wet,
And he uttered each word that was so absurd
In a voice I'll never forget.

I tried to give him the go-by,
But the try was of no avail.
For he gripped me tight, and there in the night
He told this doleful tale:

"Oh, I had a wife this morning,
And half-a-dozen kids,
And of rooms a suite, with sticks complete,
But I hadn't any quids.

"I'd no face to face the landlord,
For the rent I'd owed since June;
Like a sensible man I resolved on the plan
That people call shooting the moon.

"The missus she made all arrangements,
And she told the man where to go;
My job was to stalk the cart and to walk
On the pavement as look-out, you know.

"We started away right as ninepence,
The neighbours we didn't disturb,
And I grinned in my heart at that steady old cart,
As I followed afoot on the kerb.

"I'd walked p'raps an hour or such-like,
At a fair pace, now faster, now slow.
Feeling tired of my task, I guessed I would ask
How much further the lot had to go.

"So I ran up to question the missus,
And fright froze the blood in my heart!
How could I believe? Did my eyes deceive?
I found I had dogged the wrong cart!

"My wife, sticks, and children had vanished!
It's staggered me quite, I confess;
I've nowhere to go; what to do I don't know—
For my wife alone had the address!

"So I'm a husband without a wife,
I've a house, but I haven't a home,
I'm a father without any children,
And lone in the dark I roam!"

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

AN APPEAL FOR SEASONABLE CHEER FOR THE POOR.

We again make an appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us, at the approaching Christmas season, to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor.

First, we want money with which to buy orders upon local butchers, bakers, grocers, and others, enabling the recipients to obtain food and take it to their own homes for consumption, a course much preferable to crowding them into public buildings in the old-fashioned way.

Every subscription will be duly acknowledged in our columns. Secondly, we want left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. This we will have carefully sorted out by the hands of willing workers, and made into suitable "lots," corresponding with numbered orders which will be given by our helpers to those most in need of the things. Thirdly, we want toys for the little ones, to help to brighten their dismal homes at Christmas time.

We can also do with boxes of oranges, sweets, fruit, crackers—in short, anything likely to bring happiness, if only for a few days, into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money should be sent to the Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre; presents in kind should be directed the depot of the Fund, 149, Mare Street, London, N.E.

The first list of subscriptions will appear next week.

Cold Weather is Coming.

Weather experts prophesy a severe winter; what about your Winter Overcoat? Don't delay ordering it until the "rush" comes; order it *now* so as to ensure quick delivery We make—to measure—

A Winter Overcoat for £1 1s.

or, if you want it for immediate wear, we have a supply of *ready-made* coats—all in the latest style and in smart, good quality cloths.

The tremendous popularity of Rego made-to-measure and guaranteed overcoats at 1s. and upwards, is the most convincing proof that they are fully satisfactory.

Business men wear them, professional men wear them, men-about-town wear them: why should you not wear one?

You run no risk whatever because we guarantee to **refund your money** if we fail to fully satisfy you.

Call at any of the thirty Rego Branches in Greater London, and see for yourself what we offer.

If you cannot call, send us a postcard, and we will send you—FREE—a full range of this season's patterns and prices, and a complimentary copy of the great tailoring magazine, "Fashions for Men," fully illustrated with photographic plates of all the latest models in smart overcoats.

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191, Aldersgate Street.

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280, High Holborn.

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265, Pentonville Road, King's Cross.
40, Caledonian Road, King's Cross.
259, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park.
691, Holloway Road, Highgate.
6, High Street, Islington.

N.W.
183, High Street, Camden Town.
31, High Street, Harlesden.

N.E.
4, High Street, Kingsland.

S.E.
75-77, Powis Street, Woolwich.
3, The Broadway, Deptford
100, Rye Lane, Peckham.
361-363, Walworth Road.
105, High Street, Chatham.

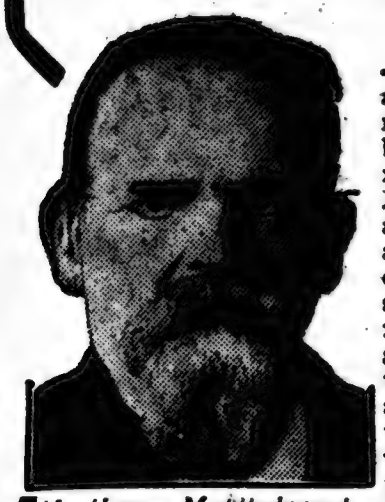
S.W.
91, High Street, Putney.
14, The Broadway, Walham Green.
87, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction.
103, High Road, Balham.
24, Clarence Street, Kingston.
40, George Street, Richmond.
77-79, North End, Croydon.
18, Atlantic Road, Brixton.

E.
19-20, Aldgate.
134-135, High Street, Shoreditch.
58, The Broadway, Ilford.

W.
288, Edgware Road.
109, King Street, Hammersmith.
262, High Road, Chiswick.
22 Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush

CRIPPLE WALKS.

Man who was entirely Paralysed for 3 years and believed hopelessly incurable now walks five miles to work.



Mr. Hayes, Middlesbrough.

In former days the following cure—and it is only one of the many effected by Dr. Cassell's Tablets—would have been called miraculous; to-day it is explained as the outcome of patient thought and experiment applied to the mystery of nerve failure. Nature-guided science takes the place of nature-defying miracle. The subject of the cure is Mr. Thomas Hayes, of 11, Church Street, Middlesbrough, who walks some five miles daily to and from work—though at the time of his attack he was medically informed that he would never walk at all. Here is Mr. Hayes' story. He says:—"I was cured of paralysis seven years ago by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I have been well ever since. That is the plain fact of my case, and it is a fact that has astonished me and all who know me. I have no idea what caused the paralysis. I was in good health at the time, but it came on quite suddenly, and kept me helpless for three years. I had been reading one night, and got up to go to bed, when all at once my left side gave way, simply collapsed, and I fell on the floor. I had to be carried to bed, and there I lay for weeks, quite helpless. The stroke had affected my speech, too, and I could not utter a word. I had medical advice, but not benefit. I was told I should never have the use of my limbs again; in other words, that I was a cripple for life. After a time I learned to hobble about the room with the help of sticks, but my leg continued absolutely useless. There was pain in it, though, and also in my arm, severe pain that made me wince sometimes. I tried all sorts of things without the slightest benefit till one day I got a free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Imagine my amazement to find that even the sample had brought some use into my leg. Of course I continued with the Tablets, and used to go about with a stick. Soon, however, I went about without the stick, and have been well and active ever since."

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A24), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

strengthen and restore every organ of the body, re-establish the vital forces, give tone to the nerves, and generate new life for the whole system. They act more brilliantly than any other medicine known, in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Nerve and Spinal Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, and General Bodily Fatigue, Brain Fag and all run-down conditions. They are quite safe for even the youngest child or most delicate invalid. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. The 2s. 9d. size is the most economical.

"BULLETS" COMPETITORS!

Notice Re Turkey Prizes.

¶ Owing to reasons of space "John Bull" cannot print the names and addresses of their Turkey winners.

¶ The proprietors, however, have kindly acceded to our request to supply us with the full list, and the names and addresses of winners will be found in this week's issue of the "Competitors' Journal"—which can be obtained at any newsagent or bookstall in the country.

¶ The names of the winners of Turkeys each week will also be found in succeeding issues of the "Competitors' Journal."

THE

"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"

is a 24-page weekly paper issued in the interest of competitors. It gives you advice and help which will lead you nearer the goal you are seeking.

SINCE ITS INCEPTION—some eight months ago—"C.J." readers have won over

£21,000

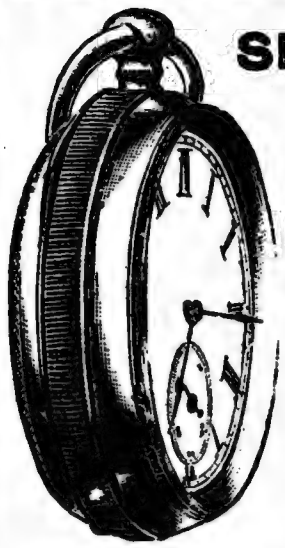
in Big Prizes alone. Join the happy band NOW!

Order the "C.J." through your newsagent, or it will be sent post free for one year 6s., six months 3s., three months 1s. 6d., or one month 6d.

THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL,

47a, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London W.

ON APPROVAL BEFORE PAYMENT



SEND NO MONEY

Send us your word of honour to pay 2/- on receipt of Watch, and we will despatch this

GENT.'S LEVER WATCH

to any address.

If thoroughly satisfied pay 1/- per week for eight weeks—total 10/-.

When ordering promise to pay or return Watch.

Wristlet Watch for Lady or Gent. same terms.

THE BRAUNT COMPANY,

(Dept. J. B.) 164, HOWARD ST., GLASGOW.

WE WANT MEN.

—We want to hear from really First-class Men who are capable of occupying Responsible Positions—Ambitious, Energetic Men of more than Average Ability, who desire to get into positions where their Special Capabilities will be fully utilised and properly paid for. We have large numbers of positions open for such men. If you think you are one of the men we seek—write us to-day.

HAPGOOD'S LTD., Employment Experts. 167-168, Strand London, W.C.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the continual growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

CORRESPONDENTS desiring INFORMATION *should place their questions in* CONCISE *form and refrain from sending* VOLUMINOUS DOCUMENTS, *at any rate until asked for them. The Editor is quite unable to devote the time necessary for perusing and considering the scores of folios which correspondents sometimes send.*

For Financial and Insurance Replies, see page 876.
For Sporting Replies, see page 880.

"CRITIC" (Hull), criticises our recent references to Jim Larkin, and asks "if Christ visited us to-morrow, which would he be most pleased to welcome—Larkin or Bottomley?" Clearly Bottomley, he being the greater sinner.

"CONSTANT READER" (Inverness).—You can safely deal with the Hackney Furnishing Co., and may rely upon fair treatment.

A. J. A.—You cannot obtain a divorce from your husband unless you can prove that he has deserted you for two years or more, and that he has also been unfaithful. In the most favourable conditions, you cannot obtain a decree for less than £40.

M. C. M. (Southwark) AND OTHERS.—The methods of the Alhambra Warehouse Co. are familiar to us. They have got £1 of your money, yet they will not or do not send you the goods they have advertised to value. When will women realise that they can shop more cheaply and expeditiously in their own district than with such firms as these?

F. H. (Shakerley) AND OTHERS.—One needs the patience of Job to be continually answering questions on such foolery. If the Lancashire Clothing Club, Accrington Road, Burnley, have any money of yours, put them in the County Court and get it.

H. M. R. (Bromsgrove) AND OTHERS.—The impudent circular sent to your housemaid by the London Jewellery Syndicate, Barbican Court, London, E.C., is what they are sending out wholesale to domestic servants and others. They are trading tricksters.

T. J. B. (Scunthorpe).—Thank you for thinking such a lot of our reply to the Rev. Theodore F. Bull in regard to Church reform. It was quite friendly, of course, as from one Bull to another.

D. J. (Mountain Ash).—Our advice to you is to sue W. Cooper, Ltd., 761, Old Kent Road, London, for the return of your £1 4s. They are utter rotters.

A. B. (Camberwell).—Half-a-crown was certainly not a tremendous outburst of gratitude on the part of the firm for the part you played in stopping a pair of horses which had bolted with their van, left without a driver, especially as you badly bruised your shins. Evidently they are not highly emotional.

C. W. H. (Camberwell) AND OTHERS.—Many thanks for your appreciation of our attitude towards Jim Larkin, who has not, so far, come up to the scratch.

J. N. (Southport).—Obliged to you for enclosing part of a South African paper containing an account of the most horrifying tragedy you have ever heard or read of. Your idea is to cheer us up a bit, evidently.

J. N. G. (Enniscorthy) AND OTHERS.—The Universal Trading Co., of Blenheim Road, London, N., has frequently been exposed in these columns. It is an audacious and tricky concern, unworthy of confidence.

J. B. R. (Perth, N.B.).—Doubtless, in due course, there will be many editions of Captain Scott's Diary, on terms suited to the pocket of the working man. Naturally, the publishers and those interested in the book desire to sell it at the highest possible price while people are willing to pay.

A. D. H. (Acklington).—We have already recommended readers not to send money to the Cinema Art Studios, Leicester. Though you have seen this answer, you ask us what you should do. Precisely as you please.

"SHAKESPEARE" (London).—According to you, "The world is a bundle of hay, Mankind are the asses who gorge, Each pulls in a different way, But the greatest of all is Lloyd George." Now, if you had said the world is a bundle of mangel-wurzels——!

H. L. D. (Brentford).—If the British "Linen" Co., of 112, New Oxford Street, London, trouble you any more about their rubbishy stuff, which you did not order, did not want, and which you are under no obligation to return unless they call for it, put their letters into the fire. We can do no more than expose and warn.

"OPPONENT" (Halifax).—Agreed that the fact of Mr. Greenwood not having had his hair cut outside his own ward for 27 years was not a valid reason for his election as a municipal councillor. But do you suppose he supposed it was?

A. L. (Edinburgh).—"I think," you say, "you have been had in regard to Mr. Small, of Lochgelly, as the Scottish Law List reveals the name of no such person at that place." We don't think much of you as a thinker. It is you who are "had" in thinking such a thing. Sma' is na sma' beer thereabouts, we'll ha'e ye ken.

MISS J. S. (Edinburgh).—You say you gave the tram conductor 6d., he says you gave him 3d., and the tramway manager says that as "instead of the conductor's money being over it was short," he can do nothing for you in the matter notwithstanding you consider your word "of greater weight than the conductor's." Next time you should be careful not to hand the conductor half-a-sovereign or he may mistake it for a feed of haggis.

P. G. (Portsmouth).—Your statement that after advertising £3 loans at 9d. weekly, R. Cowen, 5, Dixon Street, Glasgow, would not let you have £3 without payment of 2s. 6d. inquiry fee, 30s. interest, and 4s. weekly, is noted. Now you know one not to borrow from.

J. W. L. (Langley Mill).—It would not be right for us to reflect on the alleged neglect of individual panel doctors on mere *ex parte* statements. Complain to the Commissioners.

B. G. W. (Sleight).—The construction of clauses in an Act of Parliament is a matter for an expert lawyer.

H. W. F. (Margate).—"Though poor," you have been summoned for rates and costs added. You are not lonesome!

J. E. T. (Stirling).—Yes, we note you are still pegging away at the Local Government Board for the amendment of the Rag-Flock Act. *Continuez à bien faire.*

H. F. (Hans Place).—The joke you have heard is Scotch, and at least 1,000 years old. Practise drawing for a few years longer and you will probably be able to whitewash the ceiling.

M. S. (Brighton).—You tell us that an officer of the Allan liner *Corinthian*, bound from London to Montreal, says he saw a sea monster with a neck like a giraffe and bonny blue eyes arise out of the blue, "stare right at him in the cold, grey dawn," and "cry like a child." He had partaken too freely of pork and pickles.

"A PRO." (Cramlington).—The "scandalous conduct and incivility of porters employed at Newcastle-on-Tyne station, N.E.R.," would be better ventilated in the local newspapers.

F. G. S. (Luton).—We commenced to read your verses, but when we found you rhyming "come" with "gun" they fell with a sickening thud into the waste-paper basket.

E. F. (Plaistow).—Your letter does more credit to your heart than to your head.

"GERTIE" (Manchester).—All you can do is to sue your husband in the County Court for any arrears under the separation deed. If you become chargeable to the rates, the Guardians would take the necessary steps to compel him to contribute to your support.

S. R. (Egremont).—Your friend's signalling apparatus appears to be all right so far as it goes, but it does not provide against the forgetfulness of the signalman, which has been the cause of some of the recent accidents.

Your Last Chance to Win a Christmas Turkey. See page 878.

E. W. P. (Woodburn Green).—Tell your friend to decline to pay anything more for the ring to the Great Central Supply Co., of 7, Denman Street, London Bridge, also to intimate to them that if they send any more impudent postcards of the kind to her place of service she will have them dealt with in a manner they will not find at all pleasing.

W. C. (Athenæum).—Life is full of coincidences, with streaks of luck. Glad your friend found one of the streaks.

T. S. V. D. (Kennington).—You ask, "Where do all the drapers' assistants go when they are about 45 years old?" You might as well ask *Mary Bull* where all the hairpins go when they are about two days old.

"A SUFFERER" (Cardiff).—The President of the Board of Trade will peradventure note your statement that "though the outdoor staff of the Mercantile Marine Department are the only useful department of the Board" they "are the worst paid servants of the Government and take the biggest risks."

D. J. (Ponty.).—It does not astonish us that the Government Inspector has condemned and destroyed a crop of tobacco plants grown by Mr. Evan Morris, a quarryman, of Pontybwich, Penrhyndeudraeth. If everybody were allowed to grow his own baccy in his back patch, what would become of the Imperial Tobacco Co. and other lamentable concerns? Also of the Government duty?

M. T. W. (Liverpool).—"Wrens make nests where eagles dare not perch." You are evidently one of those people who are too clever by half. "Mangel wurzel" is correct, and that you say it is wrong, merely shows how positive people can be when they know so much that they can learn nothing. *Mangold* Wurzel is correct also, but it is the German form.

R—— B—— (Calgary).—Received. Your bank experiences in England are not very remarkable, however, except that the management got rid of you just as you had become engaged to be married.

J. W. T. (Willesden).—You "cannot see why," as the locomotive drivers of the L.N.W. and the L. & Y. companies drive from the l.h. side of the footplate, the reversing gear and vacuum brake of Great Central engines should not be on the l.h. side also, as being on the r.h. side the driver is always on the side farthest away from the signals. What say other drivers?

J. B. (Accrington).—We should not put much faith in the "Health and Vim" concern if we were you.

"TEACHER" (Bristol).—We cannot say who has and who has not axes to grind in regard to the management of the Bristol Evening Schools. Why not make representations to the Education Committee and the Board of Education?

C. H. (Montreal).—But who is Dr. Maxwell Lightstone when he's at home? He evidently knows no more about London than he knows about Mars. His article in the Canadian papers is ignorant and stupid rubbish.

J. W. (Salisbury, Rhodesia).—Thanks for your compliments and good wishes. Sorry to hear you are worried by killjoys like us at home.

F. L. (Chelsea).—The contents of "the box or perhaps jewel case" which you picked up in the street and took to Walton Street police station do not at present concern you. If it has not been claimed for a year and the police still retain possession, put the matter before a magistrate; he may do something to help you

H. R. G. (Perth).—Accepting your account of the matter, you have been very badly treated by the company—we are not clear about its name from your letter—who got you out to Australia on a three years' engagement and then closed down. Buck up and look up, and presently you may see the sun.

A. W. P. (Birkenhead).—In any of the cinema papers you will find the names of the big film producing firms. Communicate with them; always remembering that the floors of such firms are strewn with film-plots as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.

"MARIE" (Carlisle) AND OTHERS.—We have frequently pointed out that "Le Livre Francais a l'Etranger," of the Boulevard Exelmans, Paris, is a trick advertising firm, whose main object is to sell books under cover of paying for translations of them. By-the-way, judging by the summary translation you send us of the firm's letter, is not your style too literal and stilted for literary work?

"A BRITISH SOLDIER" (Alexandria).—As you solemnly assure us "there is one thing that is wanted in the Army bad and that a scale of pay for bandsmen on private engagements," we will take your word for it.

W. C. (Stirling).—It is hereby noted that you could not send off a telegram from the Post Office, a smallwares shop, "at a little village near Glasgow," on account of the weekly half-holiday. Better have a row with the Postmaster-General if you feel like it. It won't do a bit of good, but it may relieve your mind.

W. C. H. (Liscard).—"Good heavens, John! What next?" How should we know?

"PRECISE" (Shipley).—We would *not* "advise anybody to go in for a course of Hypnotism and Personal Magnetism," nor do we "know anything good or bad about the International Institute of Psychical Research." If you intend sending them a guinea you must have money to burn.

W. B. (Standerton).—See above. We are the wrong medium for publishing "the life of an old gentleman, a grandson of an 1820 settler in the country, giving some thrilling experiences of his life, including three Kaffir wars." Try a London book publisher.

"DONEOVER" (Catford) AND OTHERS.—Dozens of times we have exposed the tricky methods of business of the British Clothing Club, Oldham Street, Manchester. They have got your ten shillings; but have not, and apparently will not, send you any goods for the money. Put them into the County Court, and they will then pay up.

L. M. E. C. (Hastings).—We certainly do not believe in overwhacking as a means of education, but there *are* cases where the schoolmaster who spares the rod spoils the child.

"DOUBTFUL" (Saltburn-by-Sea).—The letter you received from the Universal Mail Order Institute, otherwise Hugh McKean, or, more correctly, Elmer Sidney Prather, in reply to our repeated criticisms of his nefarious methods of extracting money from deluded correspondents, has amused us hugely, especially the part where he says: "I have not—so far as I can trace—had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Bottomley as one of my students." Nevertheless, we have closely studied his methods and the conclusion we have come to is, that the Yankee, and all his "slim" associates, ought to be kicked out of the country.

J. R. M. (Beverley).—You are the worst penographer we have ever struggled to read. What is your special worry?

KATHLEEN K.—(Bury St. Edmunds).—Naughty girl!

W. J. J. (Merthyr Vale) sends a complaint about Plant and Co., Rathbone Street, Liverpool. If our correspondent had kept his eyes on our columns he would not have been bitten.

"ANNIE" (Brockley).—It was shocking for the lady to wish you to make from flour and water Yorkshire pudding for the shop assistants. The "lots of other little things" of which you inform us would be more impressive if they were complained of by those who have to put up with them.

J. R. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for cutting from the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. We did not know there was so much humour in Scotland.

H. M. JAMES (Margate).—We cannot offer an opinion "on the conditions which prevail at the Royal Sea-bathing Hospital, Margate." Patients at such places are not invariably the best judges of either the conditions or the dietary—taking the point of view to be that of their own health.

C. J. P. (Dublin).—As you remark, and as we have stated a hundred times, "Captain" Rand is evidently a precious swindler.

"EVIRA" (Newcastle, Sydney), after a year's experience in N.S.W., says, "there is plenty of room for domestics and farmers, otherwise it is a case of chance." After much difficulty she and her husband have managed to get a house—"any sort of place to call our own rather than have the discomfort of Australian lodgings invested with all sorts of vermin, which the country is full of, even in good-class houses." Didn't think New South Wales went this length to give people the creeps.

"DISGUSTED" (Basingstoke).—For loans under 10s. a pawnbroker is legally entitled to charge only ½d. for the pawnticket, and "must not make any profit, *or demand any charge whatever*, in respect of loans or pledges, other than what is authorised by the third schedule of the Pawnbrokers' Act." So you appear to have a case against the Portsmouth pawnbroker who, you say, charged you, in all, 3s. 2d. on an 8s. pledge which you redeemed within 12 months.

D. S. K.—If you had put your name and address to your letter, perhaps we could have verified your story.

J. D. (Glasgow).—Your questions are much better addressed to the Insurance Commissioners.

"COLCHESTER NATIVE."—Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny was born in 1847. You could have obtained this information at any public reference library, but we will not give it you "in the neck" for asking us, as you appear to have expected.

S. G. E. (Glasgow).—We cannot understand your being "an old reader of JOHN BULL" and not knowing that we have exposed McKean's Mail Order Concern 90,167 times, or thereabouts.

"STAY AT HOME."—We thank your relative in Canada for the newspaper containing an article headed "Czarism in British Columbia. Strike breakers attack peaceable union men with revolvers." Seems to be getting a rather hot place to live in, B.C. He also warns people not to go out there "as the country is practically in the hands of foreigners."

(A large number of replies are held over.)

Before Filling in your Football Forecasts, Read New Rule.

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation :—

Aren't "tango teas" a mere matter of taste?
Isn't the Territorial Force a sort of Peter Pan?
Are the Natal Indians exactly "passive" resisters?
Are the Single Taxers doing a double on the Chancellor?
Isn't the Bank of England one of the "sites" of London?
Was it Winston, or the Lords of the Admiralty, who "struck"?
Will the Kaiser get rid of some of his castles "in the air"?
Have you seen *the* Christmas Number yet—*John and Mary*?
Doesn't the Bishop of London know how to spell "Censer"?
Isn't it natural for non-commissioned officers to want "commissions"?

Has Lord Murray discovered that oil sometimes causes a flare-up?

When Lloyd George has got the land, will he "give the game away"?

Are the followers of General Villa, the Mexican rebel leader, known as "Villans"?

* * *

Incongruities :

An artist with no colour.
A red tie on a Blue Stocking.
A beggar giving himself away.
A Tory with a Gladstone bag.
A critic with blue spectacles.
A vegetarian with enlarged joints.
A chauffeur with a bad trotter.
The humourist buying chestnuts.
An actor advocating free speech.
A teetotaler who is mild and bitter.
A lame excuse for attending a dance.
A sweep who is not anxious for the 'flu.
A fisherman not willing to take his hook.
A brewer with the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.
A fire insurance director delighting in Burns.

* * *

Problems for Sherlock Holmes :—

To find justice in the Law Courts.
To find truth in a yellow journal.
To trace the cause of Ragtime's longevity.
To find the way out for the Home Rule Bill.
To expose the crocodile tears in an election cry.
To find the place where all Killjoys are scotched.
To arrange the capture and death of the Fog Fiend.
To find whether the Party cod is not really an old red herring.
To find what part the author plays when a book is banned.
To find the Morality Standard that the Bishops are looking for.
To find where the police vanish to when they are urgently needed.
To ascertain how long the cranks will hold up the Party machine.
To discover the value of the card Mr. Lloyd George has up his sleeve.

* * *

Books That Ought to be Written :—

By Mr. George Edwardes—"The A.B.C. of Catering."
By Mr. Owen Seaman—"Laughter and its Cure."
By the Bishop of London—"The Bears of the World."
By Sir Edward Carson—"How to Cut Out an Ulster."
By Mrs. Pankhurst—"Two Years in Search of the Poll."
By Mr. Larkin—"In Darkest Ireland and the Weigh Out."
By the Kaiser—"How to keep a Fresh Plaice in the Sun."
By Miss Maud Allan—"Black and White Studies in Indian Ink."
By Mr. Winston Churchill—"Floating Alone on the Mighty Deep."
By the Rev. F. B. Meyer—"The Adventures of Nosy Parker, P.I.P."
By Mlle. Gaby Deslys—"How the Bishop's Move was Chequemated."
By Mr. Lloyd George—"Card Tricks and Drawing Room Illusions."
By Mr. George R. Sims—"How to Raise Hares on Mustard and Cress."
By Mr. Bonar Law—"My Perilous Journey from Wallsend to Norwich."
By Mr. Asquith—"The Daily Noose: or How Propositions are Hung Up."
By Lord Charles Beresford—"Why Robinson Crew So, to his Man—Saturday."
By Little Tich—"Life's Little Ticklers."

* * *

England and Scotland to Erin: "Don't Crisis."

* * *

"Have you ever seen a dead donkey?"
"No, but I will come and look at you in your coffin."

£700 was recently paid for a kettle. A decent bit of tin.

* * *

"Walnut like a duck," we read. But many a duck is a bit of a Nut.

* * *

Wallpaper is going out, we are told. Adorned with paste, of course.

* * *

Old Lady: "Yes, I know all about Jim Larkin, but who's Albert Hall?"

* * *

A man named Washington has been fined for drunkenness. That "Cherry Tree" again?

* * *

Lady Bethell has been presented with a floral revolver. Of course it will soon go off.

* * *

"No drinking between meals," advocates Sir Douglas Powell. But one can't always be eating.

* * *

An article about women is entitled "The Dear Things." The writer evidently knows his subject.

* * *

The Headmaster of Harrow School is putting a ban on smoking. At Eton fags are still fashionable.

* * *

Védrines, the aviator, has crossed Germany without asking permission. He took French leave.

* * *

A *Volturno* witness said oil made the sea "just like a simple swell." Like a nut with his hair oiled.

* * *

A sailor at Peterborough dived off the railway platform on to the line. Evidently half-seas over.

* * *

"Telegrams were invented by the father of lies," says Mrs. Baillie Saunders. Then it should be "tell-a-cram."

* * *

A youth over 7 ft. in height says he cannot get work because he is too tall. He should try the yellow journals.

* * *

A man maned Oof has been locked up for dining in a Paris restaurant without paying his bill. What's in a name?

* * *

A penny of the time of King Egbert was recently sold for £100. But a modern farthing cost Mr. Sievier £2,600.

* * *

Mlle. Gaby Deslys says that she spends £14,000 a year on dress. Now Miss Maud Allan's figure would be of interest.

* * *

A paymaster has disappeared from Harwich, and a large sum of money is missing. Being a fleet paymaster, he may get off.

* * *

Truth says there is something painfully pathetic about an undressed doll. We feel like that when we see them on the stage.

* * *

Eggs have been cornered in America. We met one the other day so strong that you could not corner it in an iron fence.

* * *

Contrary to the usual procedure, the hammer thrown at the Judge by a Suffragette was, we presume, intended to *create* a pain.

* * *

Mr. Symmons, the North London Magistrate, says a girl sets her teeth and bites her lower lip. How on earth does she do both?

* * *

Owing to motor accidents, it is suggested that sheep should carry lights. They do; but they are only seen when the animals are killed.

* * *

George Grossmith advertises somebody's wine by saying it is good when he is run down. Now who has been running down our George?

* * *

Dr. Ethel Smyth says a woman in an orchestra is a gain to music. It is also the only time in her life when she consents to play second fiddle.

* * *

A sportsman is worried because nobody knows the fox population of England. Here's a chance for a Fox Census Commission by the Government!

* * *

The Birmingham Butchers' Association declare the Board of Agriculture doesn't know a pig from a donkey. Yes, they do—when they eat pork.

* * *

The medical officer of Eston, Middlesbrough, says that diseases are spread by wooden penholders. Moral: Get a "J.B." Fountain Pen. (See page iii. of cover).

Ready Friday Next, Dec. 5th, "John and Mary," OUR Christmas Number. 2d.

THE BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE EVER OFFERED!

Our Prizes up again! £1,800

FOR AN ALL-CORRECT FOOTBALL COUPON

IMPORTANT NEW RULE.
If you predict a draw you must **CROSS OUT BOTH TEAMS,** instead of, as heretofore, not crossing out either team. This new rule is made to facilitate our work of adjudication and to further prevent any possibility of fraud.

£500
IF ONE ERROR ONLY.

£400
if two errors only.

£300
for best forecast if more than two errors.

£100
for next best forecast if more than 2 errors

£50 & £20
for two best forecasts on Mauve Coupon.

The RULES and
COUPON
will be found
on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

This is the Second week of our present Great Football Contest. Record cash prizes are offered, including **£1,800** for an all-correct coupon, and two special "Mauve" coupon prizes. Before filling in your forecasts read the New Important Rule above. Already this season we have awarded the enormous sum of **£4,800** for Football Skill.

BEFORE MAKING YOUR FORECASTS READ THE NEW RULE ABOVE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League Games to be played on Saturday, **DECEMBER 20th,** given on the Entrance Form on page 2 of our cover. Draw your pen plainly through the name of the team you think will lose. If you predict a draw, **CROSS OUT BOTH TEAMS.**

£1,800 will be paid to the Competitor sending us an Entrance Form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

ABANDONED MATCHES MAKE NO DIFFERENCE.

Should it happen that no Entrance Form be received giving the whole of the correct results **£500** will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows **one error only.**

If no coupon is received containing one error only, then the cash prize of **£400** will be paid to the Competitor whose coupon shows only **two errors.**

If neither the £1,800, nor the £500; nor the £400 is won, **we shall in any event award four distinct cash prizes which must be won,** i.e., **£300** to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if the number be only 8 or 10, and **£100** to the sender of the next best coupon and two special mauve coupon prizes—one of **£50** to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull," and one of **£20** to the next highest correct forecast on a mauve coupon. In any event two big cash prizes must be won by "Mary Bull" coupons.

In the event of either the £1,800, £500 or the £400 prize being won, the £300 and the £100 prizes will of course not be awarded.

The competition is one of pure skill and competitors should make a point of studying the football columns of the daily papers.

We now give with the entrance form on page 2 of cover a duplicate coupon. This is provided solely for the convenience of competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

Our system of checking the Entrance Forms renders fraud impossible, whilst all risk of a coupon being overlooked is, by our elaborate arrangements, totally eliminated.

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

£50 AND £20 MAUVE COUPON PRIZES.

We again offer two special and extra prizes of **£50** and **£20** for the best forecasts sent on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull" and signed by a lady. The sender of a mauve coupon has the same opportunity as JOHN BULL readers of winning the **£1,800,** the **£500** or **£400** or the **£300** and **£100,** but should a mauve coupon not win or share any of these chief prizes—senders of the mauve coupon still have the opportunity of winning **£50** and **£20.** This is a distinct advantage which every lady reader should take advantage of and male readers bring to the notice of their lady friends. The mauve coupon will be found in "Mary Bull," on sale Friday next, December 5th.

After you have filled up your entries for this competition, turn to page 878, where you will find particulars of "Bullets," a simple and attractive competition which you should not fail to enter. A first prize of £500 in cash is offered this week, in addition to more than 6,323 cash and other prizes value over £2,100.

THE "JOHN BULL" FOOTBALL CUP SWEEPSTAKE.

We must refer all readers who have written for particulars of this Sweepstake to Messrs. SMALLMAN & TERRY, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

A BRAINY BULLETER.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A £500 WINNER.

We have received the following interesting letter from Mr. C. Michaelson, the winner of the first prize in the 56th "Bullets" Competition:—

5, Arden Street, Edinburgh,
November 21st, 1913.

DEAR JOHN BULL,—I now realise how deeply indebted I ought to feel to have been so fortunate as to win one of your £500 prizes. Everything comes to him who waits—and strives. That has been my good luck—to obtain just that capital for which I have been working and struggling for some 20 years without making much progress towards the goal.

Letters, notes and telegrams arrived in a shower. I never really knew how many thundering good friends I had till your windfall brought them all to the surface, like snails after the rain; your golden shower induced them to show themselves. I have done some borrowing (like kings) in the past and know the feeling too well, but those who came a-borrowing went a-sorrowing. My sympathy is too easily aroused, and with the needful at my command I could have done well with the Bank of England to assist all those I feel have some call on me. Many of the clever fraternity, strange to say, have still doubts that I actually got the cash, and one brilliant "fly" man asked in a whisper if I got a "fiver" to allow my name to go forward as the winner. While in the stationer's shop where I get my papers an old man started an argument on these competitions by remarking that he had heard "a man in the district had won £500; he thought it was all a pure swindle, and did not credit it." "Well, my dear friend," I interjected, "my banker *did* credit it, for I was the very man who got it!" An oyster wasn't in it with the old chap after that.

I have also been inundated with enquiries as to how I did it, and many have come to me to seek advice on the merits of their attempts. Naturally, I have considerable difficulty in pointing out exactly what is wanted, but my advice to them all is to watch what is topical, keep a special ledger to enter all their attempts, and above all put grit and brains into the work—then they are sure to catch the examiner's eye sooner or later.

Having resided for some 40 years in this part of the city (I was born here), I have a large circle of friends and the news spread like wildfire.

At the Corn Market I meet many of my firm's customers, and held a levée. One farmer friend was going to knock the Liberal candidate for Lanark Division right out by asking him if he was in favour of stopping these competitions. In a market attended by some 600 persons, it makes one feel very uncomfortable indeed to know that all round you men are pointing you out as the lucky dog who won JOHN BULL's big prize. Well, good luck to JOHN BULL; he has made one big family happy again, and this time in Bonny Scotland.

Mr. Michaelson is apparently as efficient with his pen when writing letters as when hitting the bull's-eye.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct claims have been received:—

Mr. J. IVE, 33, Compton St., Goswell Rd., E.C. November 1. 250336.

Mr. A. F. STEELE, 131, Wimborne Rd., Winton, Bournemouth. November 8. 837411.

Mrs. A. FLETCHER, Western Rd., Mickleover. November 15. 912396.

Mr. W. F. HALL, 31, Elverson Rd., St. John's, Deptford. November 8. 701931.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 29th:—

2512	189221	372772	558381	779532
15879	204097	388589	577683	802620
33226	221335	414477	620486	823716
70106	230369	432496	631746	887689
76837	245124	453199	648312	910614
99689	273404	474524	667532	968413
122444	277563	497928	679553	987466
138440	314288	502533	703008	990010
151148	317362	528351	738798	A003714
168162	335979	544895	750279	A018269

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published on December 13th).

John Bull says

USE IT,

not because it's BRITISH
but
because it's also BEST

"ERASMIC"

SHAVING STICK.

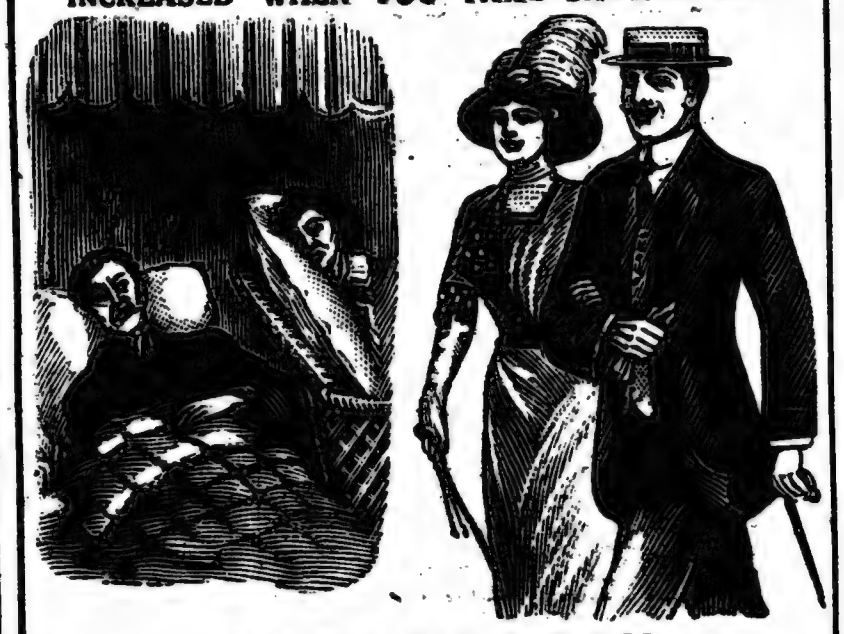
No Foreign Substitute can produce such a lather.

IN NICKEL CASE 10d

AT ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.

ERASMIC Perfumers, WARRINGTON.

YOU PUT ON WEIGHT and YOUR HEALTH IS INCREASED WHEN YOU TAKE SANAGLOBIN.



SANAGLOBIN

The most successful cure for Thinness and Underdevelopment in MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. No temporary improvement, but permanent increase in Weight and Strength.

Sanaglobin increases your size and weight by natural healthy means, puts on flesh where required, and builds up a symmetrical, well-nourished and well-developed body.

After a short course of Sanaglobin all signs of emaciation or Leanness disappear, and your figure begins to develop along the desired lines, giving your Body a pleasing plumpness and attractive fullness.

Sanaglobin does not make you unhealthily fat—it makes you healthily proportionate.

Every particle of Sanaglobin goes to build up your size and weight, and further it makes certain that every particle of nourishment contained in the food you eat goes to feed your tissues also.

Price 1/1 (24 tablets) and 2/9 (3 times that quantity) from Chemists, or direct from THE SANAGLOBIN CO., Dept. 56, 115, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Write for our FREE BOOK on the Causes of Thinness.

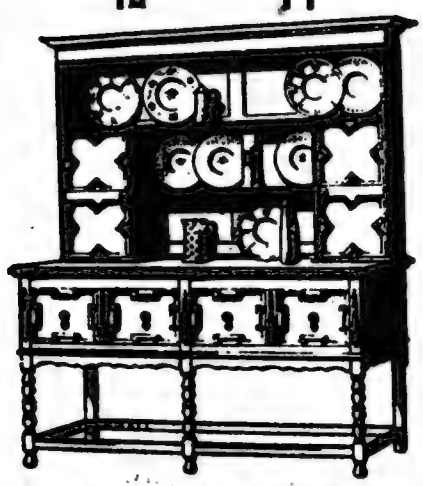
I will tell you exactly why—

you ought to go to the "Midland" for your furniture.

You get the *widest possible choice*, because there is over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture permanently on view in the "Midland" Furniture Salons.

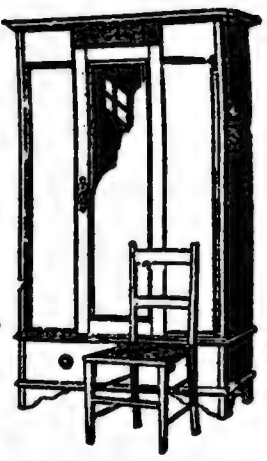
You get the *finest possible value*, because the "Midland" are actual manufacturers, and so eliminate intermediate profits. That is why

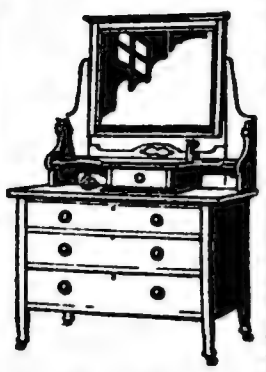
Money buys more at the "Midland"



Exceptionally well made Oak Dresser on Jacobean lines, beautifully carved, and polished a rich antique brown. It is 5 ft. wide and 6 ft. 8 ins. high, and has 2 drawers and 2 cupboards with antique brass fittings. **£9 9s. 0d.**

If you wish to pay cash, you get 10% additional discount. If not, they charge nothing for credit—no deposit, no interest—not one penny beyond the plainly marked competitive cash prices. All furniture bought on the Midland Ideal Terms is **insured against fire; and, should the purchaser die, all the furniture becomes the absolute property of the wife without further payment.**





This charming Bedroom Suite is made in walnut, satin walnut, or oak, and comprises a commodious Wa drobe with full length mirror, Dressing-table, Washstand with marble top and tiled back, and one Chair, **£9 19s. 6d.**

"The Denham."
A well-made and thoroughly serviceable Easy Chair, covered in various patterns of cretonne. Well sprung, and fitted with loose cushion. **£2 18s. 6d.**

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

This new and very handsome volume—the finest and most comprehensive guide to Furnishing ever published—contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken in our Furniture Salons. The book will be sent **free** on receipt of a postcard with your address.

Write for it to-day.

Railway Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over. Country orders packed free and carriage paid.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Hours—9 till 8. Sats.—9 till 1.

7 doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Managing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.*

Ideal Terms.

Worth.	Per Month.
£10...	£0 6 0
£20...	0 11 0
£30...	0 17 0
£40...	1 5 0
£50...	1 8 0
£100...	2 5 0
£200...	4 10 0
£500...	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

6% Additional Discount for Cash

CITY NOTES.

[*For Financial and Insurance Letter-Box, see page 876.*]

The Stock Markets.

The course of the Stock Markets last week showed that investors had already commenced to pick up cheap stocks. So far this movement has been confined chiefly to certain classes of Foreign Government stocks and to Home Railways. The monetary outlook is distinctly improving, both here and on the Continent, and we should not be surprised if the French Bank rate were reduced in order to smooth the way for the French Loan, for which an overwhelming success is assured, and this should have a good effect, not only upon the Paris Bourse, but on all leading financial centres. Canadian Pacifics have had a bad time, due to a revival of fears that the Canadian Government might order a drastic reduction in freight rates, while, on the other hand, the Companies, in order to avoid labour troubles, have been compelled to grant large increases in wages, involving, of course, a considerable addition to working expenses. Mexican securities are holding their ground well, and a change in the position in Mexico might bring about some startling movements. In any case, there is no reason for investors in other securities being frightened by the Mexican bogey. The American market is now awaiting President Wilson's message to Congress, and what he will say on the subject of his new campaign against the Corporations. Breweries are still the redeeming feature in the Industrial department, the latest reports showing that these Companies are now doing much better. The Rubber Growers' Association are finding the task of getting the big rubber interests into line much more difficult than they had anticipated. In the meantime the commodity and the shares are falling again, and the Lanadron and Glenshiel Companies, hitherto regarded as two of the best concerns, have passed their interim dividends. There has been some irregularity in the Oil share market, as Paris has had to make some sales in connection with their settlement. This bear influence should soon pass away, but, in the meantime, advantage has been taken of a somewhat less favourable cablegram from the Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields to depress the Egyptian group.

"Tommy" Lawson Again!

A full half-page advertisement signed Thomas W. Lawson, appeared in a financial daily on the 25th ult., but dated "Boston, November 24th, 1913." No one in his senses will believe that the 4,000 odd words which constitute the advertisement were sent over by cable together with directions as to which portions should be displayed in fat type. We are safe in assuming that the order and "copy" were sent by mail with instructions that the advertisement should be published on a certain date. The advertiser is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, a Boston financier who has, on many previous occasions, spent large sums of money in communicating to British investors his opinions on Yankee finance in general and as to certain specialities in which he takes an interest, in particular. On the present occasion, Mr. Lawson is advising a "bear" of Steel Trusts. If we were speculators, we should, immediately, turn "bulls" of the stock, for Mr. Lawson's previous recommendations have had a strange habit of going wrong.

Cinema Companies.

We have often referred to the multiplication of these undertakings and the manner in which some of them are formed in the provinces. The B.B. Pictures, Limited, a Glasgow concern, has just presented its third annual report and discloses a net profit for the year of £64, or an average of 24s. 8d. weekly! Added to the amount brought forward, £112, the balance now carried to credit of profit and loss is £176. Against this, there are unpaid directors' fees amounting to £450! The company started operations in 1910 and has hitherto paid 10 per cent. on its preferred ordinary shares, which now receive nothing. The deferred have never had the good fortune to rank as dividend payers. The company might still pull itself together if it were to make and exhibit a film showing the expressions on the faces of its shareholders when perusing the last report. It would make a "moving picture" indeed. In a sentence, we warn our readers against touching *any* of these cinema companies.

Garden Cities in Canada.

Renewed attempts are being made to invade the British investor into a Canadian concern called National Home-Builders, Limited, formed, apparently, with the object of setting up Garden Cities out there, principally near Vancouver. One of the directors of the Company was over here some months ago, but his efforts to place 100,000 dollar shares in the concern were not entirely successful, and the Company most obligingly proposes to give Britishers another opportunity to come in. Why the Home investor should send his money to Canada in order that people, who are entire strangers to him, should employ it in founding Garden Cities for Canadians, is not made clear, nor why it is this money should be invested in a company registered in British Columbia, and entirely controlled there. The only link between the Company and the Mother Country appears to be one representative in Manchester, another in Aberdeen and a third in Belfast, whilst the Dominion Bank in London will accept subscriptions for transfer to Vancouver, B.C. The names of some British shareholders are given on a "synopsis of prospectus," but as no addresses beyond the names of the towns where they reside are revealed, we are unable to communicate with them. Perhaps they will inform us how they got on with their "investment." No market for the shares exists here, and the Company is quite unknown on the London Stock Exchange.

Brakpan Silence.

We referred last week to circumstantial rumours as to the rechecking of Brakpan's ore reserves and the consequent drop in the estimate by nearly one-third of the official amount and about 1s. in the value. The statements referred to were so explicit that they seemed to demand the immediate attention of the directors. But they have preferred to sit tight and "say nuffin." Only one inference can be drawn from their silence—that they are not in a position to deny the accuracy of the report. Such being the case, it is a simple matter to figure that the shares cannot possibly be worth much more than a sovereign, and they may easily be worth less. But we should have thought that the East Rand scandal (which, by the way, is likely to be resuscitated before very long) would have convinced the board of the folly of the ostrich policy of burying their heads to make their tails invisible.

Reviving Rails

Business in the Home Railway market has not broadened out sufficiently to embrace all the leading stocks, but there has been a distinct improvement in the tone, and several stocks have shown great activity recently. Interest has centred mainly on Great Easterns, Chathams, and Districts, and, as regards the first two, there are indications that some important move is on, although the market is rather puzzled to get hold of the right end of the string. Whatever may be transpiring behind the scenes, the bears are doubtless prudent to take cover, but there are several pitfalls that the bulls might very easily tumble into.

Toronto Wants Another Million.

With regard to Canadian borrowing, we remarked last week that "still there's more to follow," but we hardly expected that Toronto would come a-begging so closely on the heels of Montreal. It wants £1,200,000 and offers 4½ per cent. stock at 97½, which may be sufficient to tempt insurance companies and other big investors, but is hardly likely to attract the public. As to the Montreal loan, inquiries in the best-informed quarters indicate that very little of it was placed with the general public, and the early closing of the lists, the quotation of a rising premium, etc., are just a bit of rather clumsy playing to the gallery. A few outsiders may be hoodwinked, but the market is not; it has not even condescended to sell a few bears.

Oil in South Africa.

The *South African News* to hand by last week's mail contains a most important and interesting article on the Oil discoveries in the sub-continent, which are referred to as "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." It is stated that a Company, having strong financial backing, has been formed to further prospect and develop this new field, which, it will be well to remember, was first brought to the notice of the investing public by the Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa, Limited. This Company owns valuable rights over an extensive area and has the advantage of being first in the field. Full particulars may be obtained from the pioneers of the enterprise, the South African Petroleum Exploration Syndicate, of 80, Coleman Street, London.

"Bullets"—£500 again offered for Two or Three Words. See page 878.

GRAVES

GRAMOPHONES

Christmas comes but once a year, and here is your opportunity of making it the Grandest, Happiest, Jolliest, Merriest Festival you ever had in your life. The GRAVES GRAMOPHONE will turn the dullest party into a Delightful, Jovial Gathering, and bring out Genuine Merriment and Hearty Goodwill with such success that even the chronic pessimist will forget himself and join in the Fun and Laughter. Seated with your Family and Friends around your Christmas fire you hear the Sweetest Seasonable Songs and Ballads, Appropriate Christmas Hymns, the most Inspiring Regimental Marches by the World's Finest Bands, the Liveliest Selections from the most popular Musical Comedies and Operas, Hilarious Comic Songs, Screamingly Funny Jokes and Jests by the Leading Laughter-makers, Fascinating Dance Music, Rollicking Ragtimes, and all that is best and most suitable in Musical Art is yours to enjoy in lavish abundance.

5/-
NOW
Secures immediate delivery of THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is our own exclusive design, and is fitted with all the latest improvements and most recent perfections. **The Cabinet** is of handsome and original design, solidly built from finely marked **Dark Oak,** brilliantly polished, and embellished with a tasteful **Art Metal Panel.** Cabinet dimensions: 12½ × 12½ × 6½ inches. **Powerful Silent Steel Motor** with splendid reserve of power. Nickel plated graduated Tone Arm, 10-in Turntable, handsome 16-in Seamless **Sound Trumpet,** decorated in a charming combination of harmoniously blended Art Shades. **Sound Producer** of extraordinary power and marvellously sensitive, which reproduces Full Military Band Performances with all their original brilliance and realism, and the actual living voices of the World's Greatest Singers.

WE DELIVER this **powerful high-grade Gramophone,** with TEN magnificent 10in Disc Record Selections, 200 Natural Tone Needles in polished compartment case and all accessories, insured and carriage paid to approved orders for **5/-** NOW. The balance payable in nine monthly payments of **5/-** if you are entirely satisfied and delighted with the machine and records after full examination and test in your own home. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE A Post Card will bring you per return our superbly illustrated **Art Catalogue,** which is a complete guide to the latest and best productions of the Gramophone Industry. This masterly work is the finest publication ever issued in the Gramophone interest. It gives you in a clear, understandable way a wealth of useful and practical information of immense value to all who are taking an interest in these fascinating instruments. Every style is illustrated, and full detailed specifications of every model are given. Keenest rock bottom prices and convenient Monthly Payment Terms are quoted for each machine. **2/-** in the **£** Cash Discount.

IMPORTANT. All Gramophone Owners should write for our Catalogue of Disc Records. **4000** Selections. The most varied and complete repertoire of high-grade Records ever published. Twenty or Thirty Selections, according to your own choice, for **3/-** NOW, and Monthly Payments after delivery if you are entirely satisfied after full trial in your own home. Fullest approval allowed.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE LETTER-BOX.

Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

A Postal Order for 1s. must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

Anglo-Westphalian Colliery.—Chislet.—It is obviously difficult to advise with regard to a Company such as this, which has still to prove that it can produce coal on a commercial scale, and at a profit. The Company has possibilities, but a purchase of the shares must be considered as quite a speculative operation.

Ottoman Empire Bonds.—W. H. D. (Hove).—We suggest you should place the facts before Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., 10, Rue du 4 Septembre, La Bourse, Paris.

Galician Oil Lands and Royalties Trust.—T. M (Glasgow).—We think perhaps you had better leave your investment where it is. We have already stated that we consider the Company has good prospects of success.

Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa.—Falcon.—This concern, to which we have frequently referred, is a pioneer Company, and we have no hesitation in advising a purchase of the shares.

Deposit.—S. F. B. L. (Windlesham).—The best advice we can give you is to deposit the amount you mention in the "John Bull" Bank. It will be quite safe and will earn good interest. The National Freehold Land and Building Society you mention is an old-established and well-conducted concern. We are unable to give any information in regard to the Tyre and Rubber Company.

Bulawayo and General Exploration.—Buluwayo (Shirehampton).—You might address a further letter to the secretary, and if this does not bring a satisfactory reply, your best course would be to place the matter in the hands of a solicitor.

National Consolidated Oil.—Seaham.—This is one of those doubtful American concerns whose shares are being industriously peddled out to ignorant investors in this country. We are afraid that you will never see your money back.

Chelleken; Eastern Petroleum.—Regular Reader (Neath).—If you hold these shares there is no reason for selling at present. The Chelcken is a promising property, and there is a prospect of the Eastern Petroleum being absorbed sooner or later by the Shell interests.

Eastern Petroleum.—Easterns.—Eastern Petroleums are quite a gamble, as so much depends upon what the Shell interests will do with the various Egyptian oil interests under their control.

Promising Shares.—W. M. (Hatherleigh).—Canadians, Unions, etc., are too big for a small operator, and from that point of view Grand Trunk, for instance, would be preferable.

Nobel Petroleum.—Investor (Glasgow).—We regret being unable to give you the information asked for. There is no market here for the shares.

Cargo Fleet.—S. L. S. (Shrewsbury).—Your only course is to get someone to examine the list of shareholders at Somerset House, in London. This will not only tell you the amount of holding of the directors, but also give you the names of the largest shareholders. You can then place yourself into communication with the latter. Singly you can do very little, but a powerful body of shareholders would, of course, be able to obtain any information they require, in reason.

Chicago and New York Air Line RR.—H. C. (Hackney).—This concern is not known here, and there is no market. In future do not buy stocks on the strength of this kind of advertisement.

Mundi Syndicate.—A. G. (Glam.).—No information is available as regards the Syndicate, and we are unable to advise you. There is no market in the shares.

British Securities Syndicate.—G. N. W. (Red Lion Square).—This seems to be an outside stock-pushing concern, and we advise you to have no dealings with it.

Silver Belle Mining.—Very Anxious Widow.—This is one of the group of doubtful American mining concerns against which we have over and over again warned our readers. We can hold out no hope to you of your ever getting your money back or of receiving any dividends.

Seven Securities.—C. B. (Royston).—The best of the securities Nos. 1 to 5 are Manila Railway Debs., Argentine Northern Bonds, and City of Concepçion Bonds. The "Mortgage Debenture Company" does not appear in the books under this heading; have you given the full title? Madeira-Mamoré Bonds are a fair purchase as a second-rate holding, and the same applies to Seaboard Air Line Bonds.

South African Copper Mine.—Mrs. G. (Hornsey).—This is a question which requires careful consideration, and every inquiry should be made, preferably through your solicitors, into the bonâ-fides of the people in question. The question might also be asked, why, if the property is so valuable, it has not been offered to one of the big South African mining houses, who are always keenly on the look-out for promising propositions.

Cobra Banket; Economin Spirit.—W. R. D. (Horsley).—We do not advise throwing more good money after bad in connection with the proposed resuscitation of the Cobra Banket. As regards Economin Motor Spirit, we dealt fully with the recent prospectus in our issue of November 8, and we do not advise an investment.

Barrier South.—Miss B. (Cheshire).—This Company has so far failed to make good, but its prospects seem to be better, and it might be worth your while to take up your proportion of the new shares in the hope of getting some of your money back.

Motor Owners' Petrol.—E. J. D. (Beverley).—We do not think this Company is likely to do any good, and advise you to sell at the first opportunity.

Three Industrials.—F. S. (Goring).—All three are good Industrial investments. South Durham (1) just announces a total distribution of 20 per cent. for the past year; the £1 shares stand at about 20s. (2) Whiteley's Ordinary are £1 shares standing at 13s. 6d.; the last annual distribution was 6 per cent. (3) Whiteley Pref.s are also £1 shares, carrying 6 per cent. per annum cumulative dividend; they are quoted at 10s. apiece.

Westminster Catholic Insurance Society.—S. F. (Holloway).—We gather from the letter you have forwarded to us that according to the secretary's statement you were agreeable to the matter going to arbitration, and, provided this does not involve you in any very great expense, we think you should adopt this course as an alternative to litigation.

Purchase of House.—Mortgage.—Apply to the National Freehold Land and Building Society, Moorgate Street, E.C.

Royal London Mutual Insurance Society.—H. N. (South Hackney).—Having purchased a small book for £20, you were compelled, owing to an accident, to cease collecting, and handed over the debit to the Superintendent, on the understanding that, after clearing liabilities, the proceeds of the sale of the book to agents of the Society would be paid over to you. You have not, so far, received any payment, and ask what you should do. Write the head office and ascertain how the matter stands and when you may expect to receive payment in accordance with the promise made to you. The numerous complaints we have received satisfy us that the system of sale and purchase of books, and particularly when associated with loan transactions negotiated through the Central Investment Company, requires to be thoroughly overhauled.

Provident Association of London.—Mrs. F. (Margate).—Have nothing to do with the House Property Investment Policy of this concern. The system of house purchase is expensive from the borrower's point of view, and, as an investment, the surrender values allowed are inequitable and involve the confiscation of a large proportion of the subscriptions paid. You had better place your small savings in the Post Office Savings Bank.——J. K. H. (West Auckland).—The coincidence you mention is certainly singular. Write the firm and ascertain through whom they received your name and address. The Bond Certificate being in the nature of an investment, the surrender value quoted is inadequate, but you cannot legally claim more. We are constantly warning our readers against having anything to do with this class of so-called investment combined with house purchase.

County Insurance Association, Limited.—Oak.—We have no official information. Send us their last issued report and balance-sheet.

Norwich Union.—Appreciative Reader.—It is founded on the mutual principle, so that all the divisible profits belong to the "With Profit" policyholders themselves. It is strong financially and you will be quite safe in effecting an Endowment Assurance for £1,000 with them.

Royal Co-operative Collecting Society.—H. S. (Motherwell).—We should make another selection. For the class of policy you require, obtain quotations from some of the well-known Life Assurance Companies of good standing. We have a good opinion of the "Ideal" policy issued by the City Life Assurance Company, 42, Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.—J. R. (Hartlepool).—You do not appear to have enclosed particulars of the scheme offering special benefits to seafaring men.—If, however, the terms meet with your approval, we think you may safely accept their policy. It is an old-established Company.

Reversion.—Brixton.—For the loan you require, try the Eagle Insurance Company, 41, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or the Gresham Life Assurance Society, St. Mildred's House, London, E.C.

Refuge Assurance Company.—Fair One (Stockport).—The case is involved, and to contest it in a court of law would be expensive. If the sister-in-law is not disposed to share the proceeds we should be inclined to allow the matter to drop.

Royal Sovereign Insurance Society.—Wet Weather.—We have already expressed our disapproval of the "Weather Insurance" policy issued by this Society, whose office is at 22, Philpot Lane, Fenchurch Street, E.C. Our request for information has not yet been complied with, and we are not, therefore, surprised at your statement that, although more than sufficient rain fell to entitle you to compensation, you are unable to obtain a settlement or satisfactory reply to your letters.

Gresham Fire and Accident Company.—Tariff.—You may accept with confidence any policy issued by this Company.

5 Per Cent. per annum
INTEREST
PAID ON MONEY DEPOSITED WITH
THE
JOHN BULL BANK.
27, 28, 29, & 30, OLD JEWRY, E.C.
Current Accounts opened from £1 upwards.

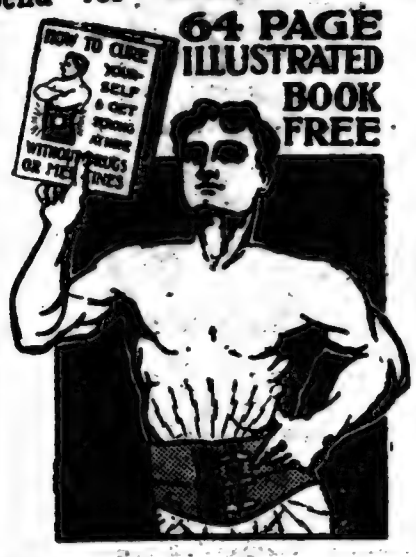
Let "Bullets" provide the Christmas Turkey. 250 to be won this week.

FREE

Unique STRENGTH Course For WEAK MEN and WOMEN.

USUAL PRICE OF FREE COURSE IS **5 GUINEAS.**

Send for Booklet and Full Details.



64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE

This fascinating book gladly sent to all who apply on the coupon for a free Five Guinea Strength Course, describes the Pulvermacher (all British) Body Batteries for creating new Nerves and Strength without resorting to drugs and medicines. So intense and penetrative is the Natural Electricity poured into the weakened system that it has restored the **FAILING POWERS** and **DIMINISHING VIGOUR** of thousands of Debilitated men and women. Each Battery consists of up to 100 complete Electricity generating cells made on the Pulvermacher Patent flexible chain system to fit any part of the body or limbs like a glove. It does not bother you a bit. You can walk, ride, jump, or run with it on. You wear it an hour or two now and then. It stands any test. Its non-shocking current penetrates to the remotest tissues and nerves. It reawakens every form of debilitated tissue to instant activity, soothes pain, tones up the nervous system accelerates circulation and promotes respiration, digestion and assimilation.

Pulvermacher's are the only Body Batteries recommended by the leading physicians of NINE London Hospitals, over fifty members of the Royal College of Physicians, and many Physicians to Royalty.

TO PROVE THIS WE ARE OFFERING 1,000 5-GUINEA STRENGTH COURSES FREE OF CHARGE.

To all sufferers from Vital or Functional Weakness, Lost Vitality, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver, and Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Female Ailments, &c.; in fact, every weak man or woman who has tried drugs and medicines in vain.

Any "John Bull" reader who suffers from diminishing strength, etc., is entitled to this valuable inducement offer, together with a free copy of our "Health Guide" on Curative Electricity, explaining how you may cure yourself and restore your failing powers without drugs. Merely send your name and address.

J. L. PULVERMACHER & Co., Ltd.,

83, Vulcan House, 5, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

WHAT THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food-fads, physical culture stunts, and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve-tonic and vitalizer, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.

RAZOR BLADES PERMANENTLY KEEN WITHOUT STROPPING

Send for tube of KEEPO-KEENA, 1/- post free. Keeps blades (safety and ordinary) keen for months, without stropping.

Keepo-Keena Co., 115, Harwood Rd., Walham Green, London, S.W.

Hears Church Bells After Long Deafness.

A Specimen Hypothetical Case.—For the first time in years this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices, and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last, she was told of a book published in America which explains how to regain perfect hearing. She got this book, and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head noises. Observe her delight. Any reader who desires to obtain one of these books can do so, free of cost, by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, A114, Station F., New York City, U.S.A. A penny stamp on your letter will suffice. Many British references of cures obtained by those who got this free book. This offer will bring joy to many homes. Dr. Coutant is a diplomated, licentiate physician of long experience, and this offer of a free book is genuine.

HARRY APPLETON

Makes daily settlements for Racing.

3, St. Thomas's Street, London Bridge, S.E. Edinburgh, and at Lucerne.

Star SAFETY RAZOR

As the BLADE So the SHAVE

The 'STAR BLADE' is the result of 38 years' experience and research. The life of a safety razor blade is a point to be considered.

The majority need replacing after a few shaves—Expensive! The First Cost is the last with the 'STAR' BLADE and it will shave you in Luxurious Comfort for MANY YEARS.

Set as illustrated, with silver plated frame and knurled handle in velvet lined case. Of all Cutlers, or from

7 6 POST PAID

MARKT & Co. (Lon.) Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 93/100 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

"John and Mary"

Ready Dec. 5th **Price 2d.**

YOUR LAST TO WIN 1,000 XMAS

This is the last week of our special Yuletide offer of 1,000 Xmas Turkeys. 750 have already been competed for, so that the remaining 250 ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK. The "Bullets" Turkeys will be the finest plump birds procurable—of the highest quality—specially selected and supplied by a famous firm of poultry dealers. The Turkeys will be despatched in ample time for the Yuletide Dinner.

2nd Prize £50

3rd Prize £25

20 Prizes of £2-10-0 EACH.

6323 PRIZES THIS WEEK

In addition to £500 for the best Bullet—This week's Prize List Includes:

2nd Prize £50 : 3rd Prize £25 : 20 Prizes of £2-10-0

5,000 HANDSOME GIFTS! 50 Cash Prizes of 10s. Each.

1,000 CASH PRIZES OF 2s. 6d. AND 250 XMAS TURKEYS.

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 40 Examples:—

YOUR LAST CHANCE	CAN'T TELL WHY	BOTTOM RUNG	MARRIED IN HASTE
EVERYBODY WANTS	SICK BENEFIT	TINY TOTS	RETOUCHED
WHO'S THE LADY	MAKES PEOPLE STARE	A MIXED COLLECTION	THE PARSON'S NOSE
CHRISTMAS FARE	PLUCKING PIGEONS	OVERDUE	VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS
DUBLIN TROUBLES	SQUEEZING	MOST ACCEPTABLE	OPEN TO CONVICTION
ALL THE GO	ON THE STAIRS	A GAY DOG	RESIGNED
COURT SUIT	TIED TOGETHER	ONCE A YEAR	TAR AND FEATHERS
BUTTONS	ASKING FOR MONEY	INCREASES THE TAKINGS	IN CHARGERY
LOSING GROUND	FAREWELL	ORGAN RECITAL	THE LATEST RAG
HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS	BAD COMPANY	TALKING MACHINES	BUYING PRESENTS

Closing date, Wednesday, December 10th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

62, P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 879.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "MARY BULL," dated December 13th.

Closing date, Wednesday, December 10th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(62) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 879.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

If Both Coupons Are used a Postal Order for 1/- Must Be Sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 62," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left hand corner of Envelope.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST and LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any one can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you use the example, "BUYING PRESENTS," and take the letters "P" and "R" using the word "when" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "PLEASANT WHEN RICH." From the example "MOST ACCEPTABLE," the Bullet, "MAIDEN'S SMILE" can be formed.

Again, if you choose the example, "ASKING FOR MONEY," using the letter "E" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet, "EASIER THAN EARNING."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used a postal order for one shilling must be sent.

Competitors who have already won any prizes, large or small, in this competition, are in no way debarred from winning again.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

Competitors can see The Bullets" Judges at work at any time.

The Result of this Competition will appear in our issue dated Dec. 27th. For Rules, etc., see opposite page.

CHANCE ONE OF OUR TURKEYS

TOTAL WEEKLY PRIZES VALUE OVER £2,000

and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week. Besides these extra seasonable prizes we are awarding this week another 5,000 handsome gifts in addition to over 1 000 cash prizes including £500 for the best "Bullet." Thus 6,323 Prizes are to be won. Value over over £2,000. TH S IS YOUR LAST CHANCE to win a turkey, so on no account miss "Bullets" this week.

RESULT OF 59TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. HUBERT BERRY.
Church Road, Crediton, Devon.
Example: DOCTOR'S ORDERS.
Bullet: CHRISTMAS "HAMPERS" OCCASIONALLY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. E. H. HANKINS,
280, Cromwell Road, Peterborough.
Example: BLACKLEGS.
Bullet: GUARDED AND BLACKGUARDED.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

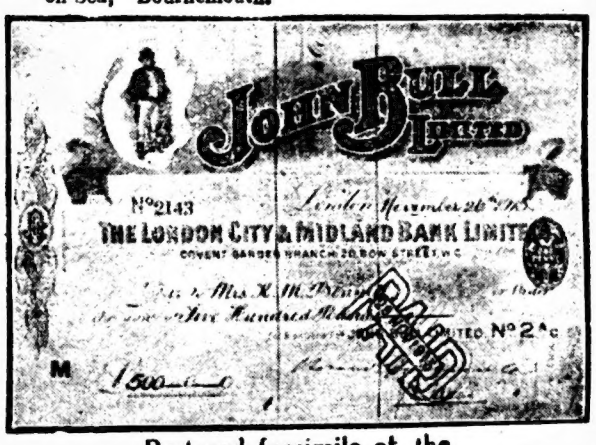
Mr. J. H. HODGE,
Empress Cinema, Abertillery, Mon.
Example: TANGO TEAS.
Bullet: NIGHTDRESS SUPPERS NEXT.

10 PRIZEWINNERS of £5 Each.

Mr. JOHN T. CAIN, 88, Alderson Road, Smithdown Road, Liverpool:
PIPED—RESULT OF "FRICTION."
Mr. ERNEST A. CHAPMAN, 8, Colum Place, Cardiff:
VERY THICK—CONTRACTOR'S CIGAR CASE.
Mr. S. G. STACEY, 133, Warley Road, BRENTWOOD:
DOCTOR'S ORDERS—REMAIN "PATIENT" SIR.
Mr. OLIVER LANE, 39, Broxash Road, Clapham Common, S.W.:
VERY THICK—CURTAINS—MASSAGE ESTABLISHMENT.
Mr. HERBERT WALKER, 31, Mansfield Avenue, Thornaby-on-Tees, Yorks.:
IN THE BOX—EVERY "COPPER" HELPS.
Mr. A. W. ELLIS, The Cinema, Sidmouth:
A PERFECT DREAM—AERODROME TO PICKPOCKETS.
Mr. H. W. DIX, 19, Commercial Street, Pontypool, Mon.:
FINANCIAL EXPERTS—LESSON—THEY "LESSEN."
Mr. B. J. GOODWIN, 110, Meanley Road, Manor Park, Essex:
A DISTURBING ELEMENT:—"TWELVES" TO BEETLE.
Mr. W. LOVELL, 11, Elm Road, Walthamstow, N.E.:
DOCTOR'S ORDERS—THE BOY "SCOUTS."
Mr. J. JOHNS, Steward, 15, Peveril Street, Battersea Park, S.W.:
IN THE BOX—THE "CROSS" EXAMINED."

Selection from 50 10s. Prize Winners.

SHARP, J., 34, Imperial Avenue, Stoke Newington N.
SIDDOWN, S., 17a, Rutland Street, Ilkeston.
SMITH, A., Hilldene, Hindley, Lancs.
SPURGEON, W., Hairdresser, Stowmarket, Suffolk.
STENNER, J., Fairview, Cefn Cribbwr, Bridgend, Glam.
TAYLOR, S., 45, Gordon Street, Colne, Lancs.
WEST, C., LIEUT., 36, Torridon Road, Catford.
WOODS, T. C., 81, York Street, Rugby.
ANDERSON, E., Mrs., 19, St. Katharine's Road, Southbourne-on-Sea, Bournemouth.



Reduced facsimile of the

£500 "BULLETS" CHEQUE

paid to last week's First Prize Winner.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. J. Hellerly, 54, Oxford Road, Reading, until December 6th and thence until December 10th, at those of Mr. F. H. Loxton, 113, King's Road, Reading.

ARMSTRONG, A., 57, Woodstock Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield.
ATKINSON, J., Miss, Seacroft, Leeds.
AYRE, A., 4, Dundonald Road, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
BAYLEY, H., Mrs., Edale, Lindop Road, Hale, Cheshire.
BELL, W. H., 29, Rosedale Road, Mersey Park, Birkenhead.
BRITTAIN, S., c.o. Mr. Osborne, 105, Farringdon Road, E.C.
BROWN, J., 56, Albion Street, Leeds.
CHIRNSIDE, R., 35, Victoria Street, Warwick.
CLASSEY, A., Mrs., 33, Park Road, Battersea, S.W.
CLEWS, F., 62, High Street, Evesham, Worcester.
COOPER, G., 3, Clitheroe Road, Clapham, S.W.
CURRY, R., 45, Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.
DARRAH, J. H., 32, Larden Road, Acton Vale, W.
DAVEY, W., 60A, Sydenham Road North, Croydon.
DE VAUX BALLIRNIG, R., 27, Claremont Avenue, New Malden, Surrey.
DODSON, F. C., 40, Mantilla Road, Tooting, Common, S.W.
DOWN, E. L., Booking Office, S.E. & C. Railway, Dartford.
DOYLE, W. S., 30, Sarre Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
FROST, H., 28, College Street, Kempston, Bedford.
GAUSDEN, E., 8, Crown Street, Eastbourne.
HARRIS, L., Mrs., Rosdew, Totnes Road, Paignton, South Devon.
HICKLING, C., Mrs., The Anchorage, 80, King's Road, Edmonton, N.
HOLLAND, W., 7, Broomfield Street, Eastbourne.
HUGHES, T., Chapel End, Atherstone Warwickshire.
HUTCHINSON, G., 36, Port Arthur Road, Nottingham.
ILES, Mrs., 120, Seymour Road, Gloucester.
JEFFERIES, C., 53, Wand Street, Leicester.

Owing to lack o space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 Prize-winners f Turkeys on this page. Complete lists can be had on application at these offices accompanied by a id. stamp. A list is also published in this week's "Competitor's Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Editor and his special staff of adjudicators, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit. In deciding prizes, originality and aptness will be taken into account. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 878 and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Stamps will not be accepted.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, December 10th.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter in dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES In CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff, in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection

Complete List of all cash and other Prize-winners in the above Competition can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices.

Racing Notes.

Prophetic.

We had a good meeting at Kempton on Friday and Saturday. December is usually looked upon as a dull month, but for the next three weeks, every day with but one single exception will have its meeting. Lingfield and Sandown are the principal venues this week. To-day (Wednesday) at Lingfield,

BRIDGE IV.

should win the Southern Counties Steeplechase, unless indeed the horse be kept for the Open Hunters' Steeplechase to-morrow. He should be worth following in whichever race he runs. On Thursday, too, CLONDALKIN is given a big chance in the Year's End Steeplechase.

At Sandown, on Friday,

BERNSTEIN*

with all his weight is by no means out of the Annual Handicap Hurdle, and if sent to do duty for Gore, should prove the best thing of the week. SHAUN NA SCAUB may take the Ewell Steeplechase, and there seems no reason why KENIA should not successfully carry the small penalty earned at Kempton in the Priory Steeplechase. On Saturday,

BEDGROVE

on this his favourite course should win the Handicap Steeplechase, and THE LAST, if he turns out to be Mr. Ussher's selected, should win the Pond Steeplechase. A.J. from the same stable is also in the race.

BOUTON ROUGE did us a good turn by beating the "potted" Londerry at Newbury, at a very remunerative price, and he will throw down the gauntlet to Wild Aster at Sandown on Friday; and, on his favourite course, will probably win for us again. BUNCH O' KEYS will also go close to-day (Wednesday) at Lingfield.

TOD SLOAN.

Rumour is current to the effect that this world-famous jockey—the most wonderful little fellow who ever mounted a horse—is about to receive official permission to start as a trainer, and possibly even, to ride again, after a "rest" of thirteen years. No more misunderstood man was ever connected with the racing world; and even now it is sometimes necessary to tell people that he was never warned off and that no slur was at any time passed upon his honesty and straight riding. By the way, who is the rascal who is using Tod's name in connection with a racing tipster's business? We need scarcely say that this is entirely unjustified; and it constitutes a cruel wrong on the little man.

SPORTING REPLIES.

The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith.

"JOHN BULL" FOOTBALL CUP SWEEPSTAKE.—W. J. (Coventry).—Provided you send in ten coupons at one and the same time, it does not matter from which books they are taken.——R. S. T. (Leeds).—Yes, the whole of the cash consolation prizes will be distributed immediately after the Draw; the others from time to time as the various rounds are decided.——H. R. (Worcester).—We are obliged to you for sending us Messrs. Smallman and Terry's letter of the 25th, and are glad to know that you are so pleased with their courteous treatment. We also note with interest that you "think such evidence of careful system and straightforwardness should satisfy any participator."——W. P. (Bitterne).—Anybody's name can appear on the counterfoils of the tickets, and in the circumstances you mention there would seem to be no objection to ten different names appearing in each book.

A. H. WESTWOOD (Edinburgh).—W. M. (Wakefield).—We believe Mr. Westwood to be a straightforward turf accountant.

"SPORTING ECHO" (Basle).—A. B. SCART.—We do not recommend you to have anything to do with this concern.

WHITE, FISHER AND CO.—E. R. D. (Northampton).—A respectable firm.

WILLIAM BARNES (Lucerne).—ISLINGTONIAN.—A "wrong 'un," and simply an alias for the notorious Dutchman, de Paauw. We have been in communication with the Chief of Police, Lucerne, in regard to him.

THE TOTALISATOR (Lucerne).—W. M. (Eastcheap).—We have followed the matter up with Mr. Cullerne-Bown, and have seen your original letters to him. The firm state they were duly acknowledged and you were informed of the numbers of the tickets sent to you. They are unable to understand why you did not receive their letters. From the information placed before us we have no doubt that the tickets were duly included in the Draw.

CO-OPERATIVE SYNDICATE (Geneva).—C. S. (South Croydon).—We certainly do not advise you, "a poor woman," to have anything to do with these people's schemes.

ALFRED H. MAURICE (Birafalden), CAUTIOUS AND OTHERS.—Take no notice of the paragraph. We are satisfied as to the *bona fides* of Mr. Maurice's football sweepstakes. See our reply to INQUIRER in last week's issue.

We have to repeat that we cannot undertake to adjudicate upon betting disputes, except in cases where such disputes may be referred to us by arrangement between any of our advertisers and their clients.

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Football Selections from the Principal Papers.

Matches to be played Saturday, 6th December, 1913.

In view of the enormous interest now taken in the competitions conducted by numerous papers, the following table of selections compiled from the principal football authorities will be found to be an extremely useful guide—

	Matches played on ground of first-named team.	Last Season's Result.	JOHN BULL.	Sporting Life.	News of the World.	Weekly Dispatch.	Competitors' Guide.	Sunday Chronicle.	Sporting Gossip.	Sporting Weekly.
SOUTHERN LEAGUE	Aston V. v. Liverpool	Liverpool won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Blackburn R. v. Chelsea ..	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Brewers City v. Ulleam A. ..	Draw	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Away
	Derby Co. v. Burnley	No match	Home	Draw	Home	Draw	Draw	Away	Home	Home
	Everton v. Enfield W. ..	Everton won	Draw	Home	Home	Away	Draw	Draw	Home	Away
	Manchester Ut. v. Manchester U.	Manchester U. won	Home	Away	Home	Away	Draw	Away	Home	Away
	Middlesbrough v. Newcastle U. ..	Draw	Away	Draw	Draw	Draw	Away	Home	Draw	Home
	Enfield U. v. Preston North End	No match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Sunderland v. Bolton W. ..	Sunderland won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Tottenham .. v. W. Bromwich A.	Spurs won	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Draw	Draw	Draw
	Barnsley v. Leicester	Barnsley won	Home	Away	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Liverp l v. Blackpool	Liverp l won	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Bury v. Notts C.	No match	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Draw	Draw	Home	Home
	Fulham v. Birmingham ..	Fulham won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Grimsby Town v. Bristol	Grim by won	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home
	Huddersfield T. v. Bradford ..	Hudd rsfield won	Away	Away	Home	Draw	Away	Away	Home	Home
	Hull City v. Wolverhampton W.	Wolverhampton won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Lincoln City v. Stockport Co.	Linc ln won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home
	Notts Forest v. Clapton Orient	Draw	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Away	Away	Home	Draw
	Reading v. Leeds City	No match	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Stoke .. v. Southampton ..	Draw	Home	Away	Away	Draw	Away	Away	Home	e
	Merthyr .. v. Brighton & H. ..	Merthyr won	Home	Away	Home	Draw	Draw	Away	Home	Home
	West Ham U. v. Southend U. ..	No match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Plymouth A. v. Portsmouth ..	Pl mouth won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home
	Southampton v. Millwall ..	Draw	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	Home
	Reading v. Norwich City	Norwich won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Queen's Pk. R. v. Coventry City	Queens P. R. won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home
	Crystal Palace v. Watford	Palace won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Swindon Town v. Millwall A. ..	Swind n won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home
	Bristol City v. Exeter City ..	No match	Draw	Away	Home	Home	Away	Draw	Home	Home

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SHORT SHEET FOR DECEMBER 6TH

Teams		
Tottenham H.	v.	West Bromwich
Derby County	v.	Burnley
Manchester City	v.	M'ch st'r United
Bury	v.	Notts County
Huddersfield	v.	Bradford
Notts Forest	v.	Clapton Orient
Bristol Rovers	v.	Portsmouth
Merthyr	v.	Brighton
Ayr United	v.	Airdrieonians
Queen's Park	v.	Clyde
Cardiff	v.	Exeter City.

Any single team or more can be backed. If not played as printed Match is Void.

Don't waste time Writing for Particulars.

Write on Plain Paper the Teams you require, enclose the amount you wish to invest. Post before 1 o'clock on Saturday and

YOU ARE ON.

NOTHING BARRED. EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

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£700 TO BE SHOT FOR £700.

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All "JOHN BULL"-ITES are invited to join the "'TERRY'-TORIAL" Ranks in order to participate in a Grand Contest to be promoted on the FIRST ROUND OF THE CUP Jan. 10th.

£700 MUST BE WON £700.

Those interested should make early application to address below for particulars of this BIG SHOOTING COMPETITION.

Premier Prizes this season have been awarded as follows:—

Sept. 1st Contest (no tens predicted) 14 nines gained £17 17s. 1d.
„ 6th „ (no tens predicted) 38 nines gained £6 11s. 6d.

The above results—no tens for two successive contests—constitute a record for Continental Competitions.

Sept.	13th	Contest	2 tens gained	£125	0s. 0d.
„	20th	„	5 „ „	£50	0s. 0d.
„	27th	„	117 „ „	£2	2s. 8d.
Oct.	4th	„	53 „ „	£4	14s. 4d.
„	11th	„	8 „ „	£31	5s. 0d.
„	18th	„	41 „ „	£6	1s. 11d.
„	25th	„	2 „ „	£125	0s. 0d.

H. T. TERRY,

"Football World," Geneva, Switzerland.

JOHN McLAUGHLAN

LUCERNE SWITZERLAND.

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Send a post card (postage 1d.) for the most liberal price list issued. But no need to wait for coupons, write your commissions on plain paper.

"John Bull" for Dec. 21st, 1912, says—Messrs. H. Hamilton & Co. are one of the leading Football Accountants on the Continent, and are thoroughly reliable.

Our "Football Annual," containing several new features will be sent free on mentioning this paper.

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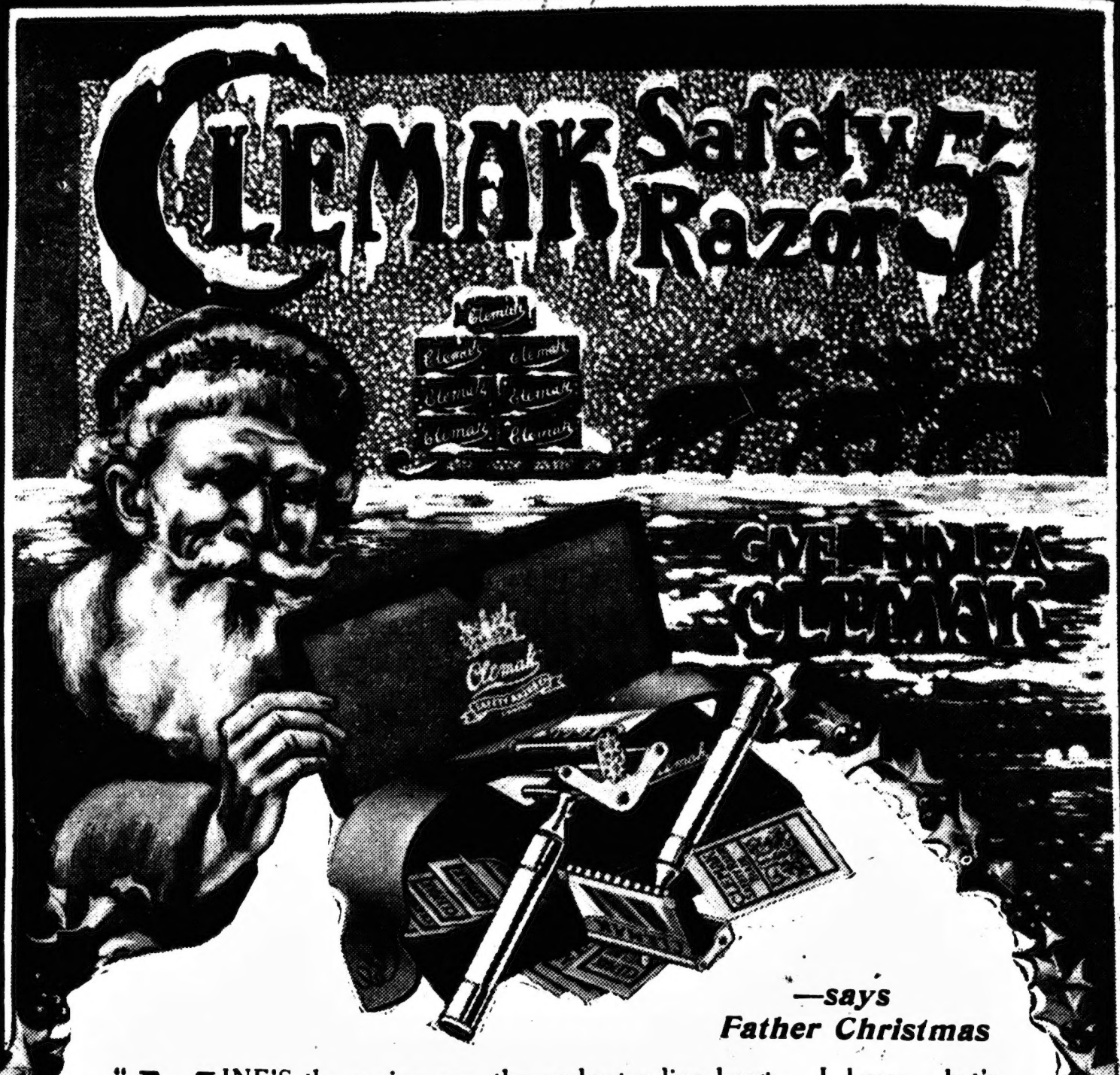
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Dec. 6, 1913.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

CLEMAK Safety Razor



—says
Father Christmas

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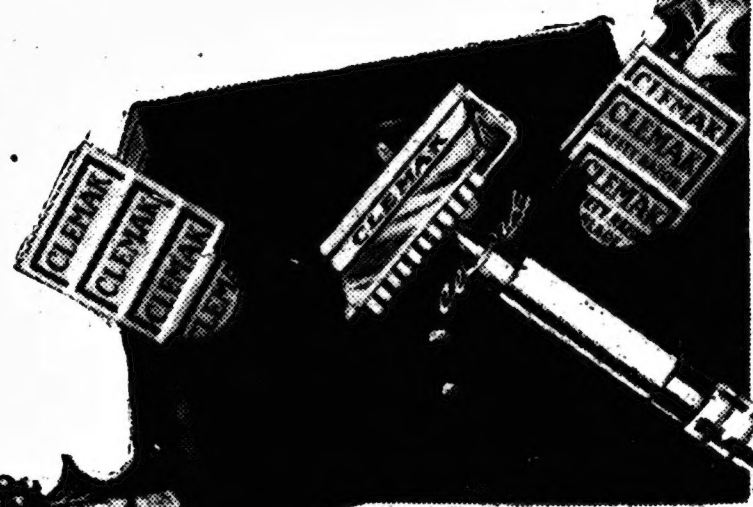

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